

The Listener

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Old and young in the People's Republic of China: an eighty-five-year-old member of the Happy Home for the Aged and two children from the kindergarten. Tibor Mende discusses China on page 159 in the first of a series entitled 'Triangle of Destiny'

Immorality and Treason

By H. L. A. Hart

Metternich and his 'System' for Europe

By A. J. P. Taylor

Blériot's Triumph in Perspective

By Charles Gibbs-Smith

The Little Planets

By Patrick Moore

Achievement and Cost in American Literature

By George Steiner

Jack London: The Prince of Oyster Bay

By Arthur Calder-Marshall

Knight's move, or castle's?

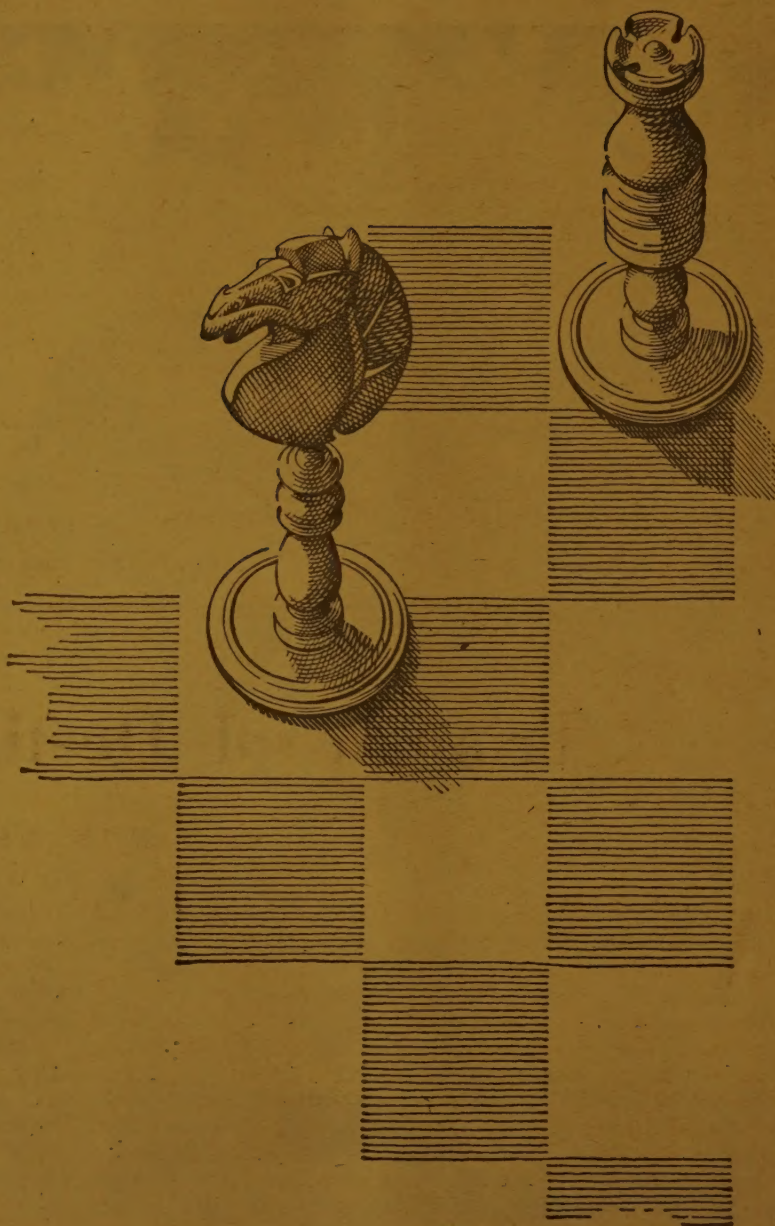
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



this is the world of SHELL

The Listener

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Triangle of Destiny—I: China

By TIBOR MENDE

A STAY of two months each in Japan, India, and China has made me feel, not for the first time, that these three countries form what one might call a 'triangle of destiny' within which the fate of the West, if not of the whole world, may well be decided.

In Japan I have often travelled for hours without really seeing any stretch of open country. In India's big cities one always has the feeling of coming up against crowds streaming out of some giant stadium. And in China, from the window of my train, I saw a kaleidoscopic film of the same blue-clad crowds digging, levelling, or carrying enormous loads. All those people I saw in those three countries already account together for forty per cent. of the world's population. Fifteen years from now they will represent nearly five of every ten inhabitants of this planet. And, if the demographers' forecasts are to be believed, in A.D. 2000 the Indians, the Chinese, and the Japanese will, between them, account for more than half the world's population. So I think it is worth considering what developments are likely in these three countries during the next few years; how they may influence each other and the 200,000,000 people living directly in their shadow in south-east Asia; and to try to visualize how developments within that triangle of countries might affect their relations with our Western world.

A few weeks ago I visited, in her Peking office, Mrs. Hsu, head of the Health Ministry's department for mother-and-child welfare. I wanted to find out what the Chinese had achieved in birth-control; but Mrs. Hsu valiantly tried to convince me that the campaign for birth-control had never really existed. When I recalled that in 1957 her own Minister made an impassioned plea for birth-control, and that shortly afterwards millions of square

metres of wall were covered by posters and pictures describing how it should be practised, obviously she felt uncomfortable. 'Why shouldn't we be happy if our population grows fast', she asked with engaging innocence. 'We need more people to speed up our development'.

Mrs. Hsu, of course, is not the only one who wants to forget. That staggering uniformity born of fear led to my getting the same answer from everyone to whom I put the same question. All the propaganda was merely to protect the health of prospective mothers, they said; but birth-control on a large scale had never even been considered. From all this I could only conclude that sometime in the autumn of 1957 the momentous decision must have been taken to halt what was then an almost feverish birth-control campaign and to rekindle the flames of the anti-Malthusian war. The more babies the better, so it seemed to have been ordered from somewhere near the top.

Why that sudden change? Looking at the multitude of small children in villages or in city streets, I could see that China's increase in population had not noticeably slackened. What, then, was the answer to the puzzle? It seemed to me to be this: China needs help from abroad, which she is obliged to pay for; but her ability to pay by her exports is limited, so she is seeking to solve this problem by drastic internal changes—by turning the whole social framework inside-out so that over-population instead of being an obstacle to development is a help to it. In other words, the Chinese have set about the construction of an entirely new model of social and economic development which, they hope, will not only solve their own problems but will also attract other countries faced with comparable problems.

How have they gone about this task? How have they turned

into an asset the country's most plentiful raw material, the muscles of its citizens? Perhaps nothing impressed me more in China than seeing, all over the country, masses of people doing what we now expect only machines to do. Canals and reservoirs are dug out by organized teams of peasants who remove the earth they excavate in two baskets hanging from a pole across their shoulders. Wherever one goes they are at work on roads, on railway lines, or on afforestation. Not a bulldozer or other machine is to be seen. One hears of other peasants who have gone to work as miners—to help to double or to treble output.

New Industries in Each Village

In every village and commune I visited I was shown new industries: often no more than a wooden shed, with simple machines built of local materials. In each case a special team was detailed to work the tiny, brick blast-furnaces, and they carted coal, melted ores, and duly produced steel. They proudly showed me the implements they had fashioned; rough and primitive maybe, but good enough as indispensable tools where none existed before. Looking at all this one begins to understand that while, somewhere far away in the town, the 'big machine' works for the future, the naked hand of the villagers provides all that is needed for the present.

'The Great Leap Forward' is the name of this all-embracing mobilization. Written in huge characters and painted under winged horses or racing rockets, the words look down on the Chinese from millions of posters and hoardings. An additional slogan calls for 'Better, Quicker and More Economical Production', and the response to these exhortations can be seen all over the country.

In the communes they show one the seemingly endless fields and assure one that the days of the uneconomic little plots are over. The teams which work these carpets of wheat or cotton contain a large proportion of women who have been made to join the common effort in their millions. The workers I met at the village blast-furnaces were proud to be training for the day when they will have real machines to handle. Everyone, with impressive unanimity, assures the foreigner that all the thousands of miles of canals and the reservoirs they have dug have already repaid their efforts with the unprecedented harvests of last year. And in the cities and in the factories one meets those who have been freed by this great rationalization of work in the villages. They are the apprentices and the new workers who learn technical skills on imported machines or join others who will copy and improve them for later mass production.

The social background to all this is one of cold economic logic, in which speed is a decisive factor. Families are broken up and their members sent to posts where they can be most useful. The graves of ancestors in the corners of what were once private fields are opened and transferred to collective cemeteries, to put an end to the wastage of good arable land; and if not all the women are enthusiastic about working ten or twelve hours a day in the fields their objections, like anyone else's, are likely to be interpreted as sabotage.

Spectacular Results

The quantitative results of all this are inevitably spectacular. Production curves keep on rising. On posters at every street corner, in pamphlets or at party meetings, their mounting red lines keep the masses in a state of continuous intoxication with success. And they are spurred on to even greater exertions by the promise that a splendid future, always believed to be far away, is now fast coming within their reach. But there are so many things to be done that not even 650,000,000 pairs of hands can do them fast enough. The result is that there is now a shortage of labour in China. This is rather astonishing, and the news echoes all over Asia. In an Indian village the first thing people asked me was whether indeed unemployment had disappeared in China.

The price being paid by the Chinese people for all this is heavy. In China I always had the rather suffocating feeling of moving round in a nightmare in which some ruthless economist's cold prescription had come true. The feeling that I was in a Communist state seemed to me much less strong than one of being in the midst of a people driven to the limit of its physical

capabilities. In fact, given a backward and over-populated agrarian country as a starting point any emotionless practitioner of economics might have prescribed most of what is being done in China today, even if he had never heard the word Communism.

In factories red silk flags mark the machines which triumphed in the latest competition for higher output. Along the streets of Peking one meets bemedalled workers from the provinces who have earned a trip to the capital for the incredible number of hours they had worked practically without sleep. In cities, from Manchuria to Sinkiang, I met processions, complete with trumpets, cymbals, and examples of their products, marching under red flags to report to the planning authorities that they had exceeded their production norms. On the notice-board of every factory were huge, red posters, with hurriedly scribbled characters, summoning the workers to accept the 'challenge' of a rival plant's workers to compete for even higher output records. Seeing all that, one instinctively remembers the moments in an aircraft when the engines are all-out, when the whole structure trembles with tension before the supreme effort to leave the ground.

After ten years one can say that China is about to 'take off'. With her immense load of 650,000,000 passengers, and with some 15,000,000 others climbing on each year as she gathers speed, China is beginning to conquer the gravitational pull of backwardness and inertia. The under-employed or idle manpower of the countryside has been mobilized for direct investment in agriculture, transport, and mining. Village industries now supply much of what consumers need, and, within the framework of the communes, integrated blocs of the peasantry have been organized to execute the state's commands.

Advancing towards Total Collectivization

Like most Westerners I expected to come across signs of opposition by the peasants to this rapid advance towards total collectivization. Moving round with my interpreter, I could see none. Yet the bigger harvests which have hitherto followed every step leading to final collectivization contrast eloquently with the fearful economic cost of Stalin's comparable efforts. I kept on asking Chinese intellectuals how they explained this apparent lack of opposition from the peasants. Usually they reminded me of the age-old need for collective action against natural calamities, floods in particular. The Chinese peasant, they said, has always been used to fight nature united and under the direction of the authorities. Some insisted that war-time experience may have played a part, when the peasants and the Communists struggled together against the Japanese. It is certainly a fact that war-time slogans—destined to encourage peasant initiative against the invader—are now used with equal effect in the peaceful battle for progress. But whatever the causes of the seeming willingness of the Chinese peasant to accept collectivization, it seems to me that both in its speed and in its methods China's experiment is more revolutionary in its scope than that of the Soviet Union.

Maybe I have been concentrating too much on the economic side of the Chinese scene. But dozens of conversations have convinced me that the Chinese themselves see that side as the most important. Obviously the communist stamp is on everything: their ideas, methods, and organization. The slogans, the loudspeakers, and the inescapable indoctrination play a decisive role in what is being done. The young, in particular, have deep faith in a rigidly egalitarian society. Yet what intellectuals and factory workers alike emphasized to me with visible pride was that their upward climb has been faster than that of any other country, capitalist or communist. In fact, it seemed to me not so much that decisions followed from ideological imperatives as that communist techniques were being made to serve economic ambitions.

Let me illustrate this point: the most popular play on the Peking stage lately was a story dealing with the volunteers who built the huge Ming reservoir. Not far from Peking, it was completed in record time, and with the voluntary labour of all categories of the capital's population. The play itself dealt in interminable dialogues with the enthusiasm and the heroism of these men and women. But when I thought that, at last, it was over the curtain went up on an unexpected last scene. We had jumped forward a few generations, and an old man was telling the tale



Dance on the threshing floor of the Wutai People's Commune: it tells the story of ten sisters who distinguished themselves in work during 'Leap Forward' year, 1958

of the reservoir's birth some time in China's recent, heroic past. Yet it was the setting, not the scene, that was really significant. We were in a lovely garden, and in the background, at regular intervals, streamlined moon-rockets started off towards the sky. Men and women, dressed in their Sunday-best, were walking up and down the garden lanes; next to them were their children in silk ballerina costumes. The ladies had large, shining, leather hand-bags on their arms. It was an irresistibly Victorian picture of comfort and content.

Looking at that closing scene—and notwithstanding all the stern theories of the Chinese Communist Party—I felt suddenly reassured. I could almost see future Chinese scrambling for infra-red cookers, electric shavers, stereophonic amplifiers, and faster racing cars. But what happens before that? What repercussions will their exertions have on our Western world in the meantime?

One thing seems probable. This continual emphasis on a better material future is bound to raise expectations. That material progress will also contribute to power capable of obliterating the humiliations of the past strengthens its appeal. But satisfaction of material demand is likely to remain the basic aim. China's mighty economic and social problems then, rather than her growing power, are likely to determine her internal development as well as her policy towards the external world. And, for many years to come, those problems will claim all her

energies. At the same time a dynamic experiment on the Chinese scale cannot fail to generate tensions. Russia will be pressed for more aid, even though mutual interests will outlast transitory frictions. It may be tempting to try to weaken the West wherever its economic interests are at stake; or what are regarded as adverse developments in neighbouring countries may be countered by more or less violent methods. Yet, in the long run, the mere prodding of neighbours towards inoffensive neutrality may be all that will be risked.

I admit that all this may be too optimistic. It is conceivable that the intoxication with record-breaking figures will lead to bitter disillusionment if it becomes clear that the forced march will have to last longer than is expected. In that case Chinese dynamism may seek short-cuts. The scorn of foreigners may serve as a pretext for adventures and those, in their turn, might be made to justify even greater internal exactions to help China to climb faster. And the result might be to impose a new rigidity on the entire communist world. To achieve the leadership of that toughened communist bloc, to become a prototype for all the under-developed countries, and, in that double role, to lead the final assault on Western superiority, might be the shape of the dream of a frustrated and impatient China.

I do not know which of these two courses China will ultimately follow; but I remember, a few weeks ago in Peking, a long conversation with Mr. Chou En-lai: he was showing the imaginary curve of rising production in the communist bloc. 'In the capitalist countries', he said, 'it is full of uncertainty. In our world it is steadily rising. A few more years and the combined production of the socialist countries will inevitably outpace that of the West'. He said that with the gravity of one who believed that his forecast meant the impending triumph of eternal peace. What his forecast really means may not be so reassuring for the West; but for the foreseeable future, at any rate, it seems to me unlikely that he or China will risk its fulfilment by any adventures.—*Third Programme*

Next week Mr. Tibor Mende will discuss Japan



A photograph taken last year during the construction of the huge Ming reservoir near Peking, which is said to have been built 'in record time'

Immorality and Treason

By H. L. A. HART

THE Wolfenden Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution recommended by a majority of 12 to 1 that homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence. One of the Committee's principal grounds for this recommendation was expressed in its report in this way: 'There must remain a realm of private morality and immorality which in brief and crude terms is not the law's business'. I shall call this the liberal point of view: for it is a special application of those wider principles of liberal thought which John Stuart Mill formulated in his essay on Liberty. Mill's most famous words, less cautious perhaps than the Wolfenden Committee's, were:

The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear . . . because in the opinion of others to do so would be wise or even right.

Repudiation of the Liberal Point of View

The liberal point of view has often been attacked, both before and after Mill. I shall discuss here the repudiation of it made by Sir Patrick Devlin, in his recent lecture, which has now been published*. This contains an original and interesting argument designed to show that '*prima facie* society has the right to legislate against immorality as such' and that the Wolfenden Committee were mistaken in thinking that there is an area of private immorality which is not the law's business. Sir Patrick's case is a general one, not confined to sexual immorality, and he does not say whether or not he is opposed to the Wolfenden Committee's recommendation on homosexual behaviour. Instead he gives us a hypothetical principle by which to judge this issue. He says: 'If it is the genuine feeling of our society that homosexuality is a vice so abominable that its mere presence is an offence', society has the right to eradicate it by the use of the criminal law.

The publication by Sir Patrick of this lecture is in itself an interesting event. It is many years since a distinguished English lawyer delivered himself of general reasoned views about the relationship of morality to the criminal law. The last to do so with comparable skill and clarity was, I think, the great Victorian judge James Fitzjames Stephen. It is worth observing that Stephen, like Sir Patrick, repudiated the liberal point of view. Indeed his gloomy but impressive book *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* was a direct reply to Mill's essay *On Liberty*. The most remarkable feature of Sir Patrick's lecture is his view of the nature of morality—the morality which the criminal law may enforce. Most previous thinkers who have repudiated the liberal point of view have done so because they thought that morality consisted either of divine commands or of rational principles of human conduct discoverable by human reason. Since morality for them had this elevated divine or rational status as the law of God or reason, it seemed obvious that the state should enforce it, and that the function of human law should not be merely to provide men with the opportunity for leading a good life, but actually to see that they lead it. Sir Patrick does not rest his repudiation of the liberal point of view on these religious or rationalist conceptions. Indeed much that he writes reads like an abjuration of the notion that reasoning or thinking has much to do with morality. English popular morality has no doubt its historical connexion with the Christian religion: 'That', says Sir Patrick, 'is how it got there'. But it does not owe its present status or social significance to religion any more than to reason.

What, then, is it? According to Sir Patrick it is primarily a matter of feeling. 'Every moral judgment', he says, 'is a feeling that no right-minded man could act in any other way without

admitting that he was doing wrong'. Who then must feel this way if we are to have what Sir Patrick calls a public morality? He tells us that it is 'the man in the street', 'the man in the jury box', or (to use the phrase so familiar to English lawyers) 'the man on the Clapham omnibus'. For the moral judgments of society so far as the law is concerned are to be ascertained by the standards of the reasonable man, and he is not to be confused with the rational man. Indeed, Sir Patrick says 'he is not expected to reason about anything and his judgment may be largely a matter of feeling'.

Intolerance, Indignation, and Disgust

But what precisely are the relevant feelings, the feelings which may justify use of the criminal law? Here the argument becomes a little complex. Widespread dislike of a practice is not enough. There must, says Sir Patrick, be 'a real feeling of reprobation'. Disgust is not enough either. What is crucial is a combination of intolerance, indignation, and disgust. These three are the forces behind the moral law, without which it is not 'weighty enough to deprive the individual of freedom of choice'. Hence there is, in Sir Patrick's outlook, a crucial difference between the mere adverse moral judgment of society and one which is inspired by feeling raised to the concert pitch of intolerance, indignation, and disgust.

This distinction is novel and also very important. For on it depends the weight to be given to the fact that when morality is enforced individual liberty is necessarily cut down. Though Sir Patrick's abstract formulation of his views on this point is hard to follow, his examples make his position fairly clear. We can see it best in the contrasting things he says about fornication and homosexuality. In regard to fornication, public feeling in most societies is not now of the concert-pitch intensity. We may feel that it is tolerable if confined: only its spread might be gravely injurious. In such cases the question whether individual liberty should be restricted is for Sir Patrick a question of balance between the danger to society in the one scale, and the restriction of the individual in the other. But if, as may be the case with homosexuality, public feeling is up to concert pitch, if it expresses a 'deliberate judgment' that a practice as such is injurious to society, if there is 'a genuine feeling that it is a vice so abominable that its mere presence is an offence', then it is beyond the limits of tolerance, and society may eradicate it. In this case, it seems, no further balancing of the claims of individual liberty is to be done, though as a matter of prudence the legislator should remember that the popular limits of tolerance may shift: the concert pitch feeling may subside. This may produce a dilemma for the law; for the law may then be left without the full moral backing that it needs, yet it cannot be altered without giving the impression that the moral judgment is being weakened.

A Shared Morality

If this is what morality is—a compound of indignation, intolerance, and disgust—we may well ask what justification there is for taking it, and turning it as such, into criminal law with all the misery which criminal punishment entails. Here Sir Patrick's answer is very clear and simple. A collection of individuals is not a society; what makes them into a society is among other things a shared or public morality. This is as necessary to its existence as an organized government. So society may use the law to preserve its morality like anything else essential to it. 'The suppression of vice is as much the law's business as the suppression of subversive activities'. The liberal point of view which denies this is guilty of 'an error in jurisprudence': for it is no more possible to define an area of private morality than an area of

* *The Enforcement of Morals. Proceedings of the British Academy: Maccabean Lecture in Jurisprudence* (Oxford, 3s. 6d.)

private subversive activity. There can be no 'theoretical limits' to legislation against immorality just as there are no such limits to the power of the state to legislate against treason and sedition.

Surely all this, ingenious as it is, is misleading. Mill's formulation of the liberal point of view may well be too simple. The grounds for interfering with human liberty are more various than the single criterion of 'harm to others' suggests: cruelty to animals or organizing prostitution for gain do not, as Mill himself saw, fall easily under the description of harm to others. Conversely, even where there is harm to others in the most literal sense, there may well be other principles limiting the extent to which harmful activities should be repressed by law. So there are multiple criteria, not a single criterion, determining when human liberty may be restricted. Perhaps this is what Sir Patrick means by a curious distinction which he often stresses between theoretical and practical limits. But with all its simplicities the liberal point of view is a better guide than Sir Patrick to clear thought on the proper relation of morality to the criminal law: for it stresses what he obscures—namely, the points at which thought is needed before we turn popular morality into criminal law.

Society and Moral Opinion

No doubt we would all agree that a consensus of moral opinion on certain matters is essential if society is to be worth living in. Laws against murder, theft, and much else would be of little use if they were not supported by a widely diffused conviction that what these laws forbid is also immoral. So much is obvious. But it does not follow that everything to which the moral vetoes of accepted morality attach is of equal importance to society; nor is there the slightest reason for thinking of morality as a seamless web: one which will fall to pieces carrying society with it, unless all its emphatic vetoes are enforced by law. Surely even in the face of the moral feeling that is up to concert pitch—the trio of intolerance, indignation, and disgust—we must pause to think. We must ask a question at two different levels which Sir Patrick never clearly enough identifies or separates. First, we must ask whether a practice which offends moral feeling is harmful, independently of its repercussion on the general moral code. Secondly, what about repercussion on the moral code? Is it really true that failure to translate this item of general morality into criminal law will jeopardize the whole fabric of morality and so of society?

We cannot escape thinking about these two different questions merely by repeating to ourselves the vague nostrum: 'This is part of public morality and public morality must be preserved if society is to exist'. Sometimes Sir Patrick seems to admit this, for he says in words which both Mill and the Wolfenden Report might have used, that there must be the maximum respect for individual liberty consistent with the integrity of society. Yet this, as his contrasting examples of fornication and homosexuality show, turns out to mean only that the immorality which the law may punish must be generally felt to be intolerable. This plainly is no adequate substitute for a reasoned estimate of the damage to the fabric of society likely to ensue if it is not suppressed.

Nothing perhaps shows more clearly the inadequacy of Sir Patrick's approach to this problem than his comparison between the suppression of sexual immorality and the suppression of treason or subversive activity. Private subversive activity is, of course, a contradiction in terms because 'subversion' means overthrowing government, which is a public thing. But it is grotesque, even where moral feeling against homosexuality is up to concert pitch, to think of the homosexual behaviour of two adults in private as in any way like treason or sedition either in intention or effect. We can make it *seem* like treason only if we assume that deviation from a general moral code is bound to affect that code, and to lead not merely to its modification but to its destruction. The analogy could begin to be plausible only if it was clear that offending against this item of morality was likely to jeopardize the whole structure. But we have ample evidence for believing that people will not abandon morality, will not think any better of murder, cruelty, and dishonesty, merely

because some private sexual practice which they abominate is not punished by the law.

Because this is so the analogy with treason is absurd. Of course 'No man is an island': what one man does in private, if it is known, may affect others in many different ways. Indeed it may be that deviation from general sexual morality by those whose lives, like the lives of many homosexuals, are noble ones and in all other ways exemplary will lead to what Sir Patrick calls the shifting of the limits of tolerance. But if this has any analogy in the sphere of government it is not the overthrow of ordered government, but a peaceful change in its form. So we may listen to the promptings of common sense and of logic, and say that though there could not logically be a sphere of private treason there is a sphere of private morality and immorality.

Sir Patrick's doctrine is also open to a wider, perhaps a deeper, criticism. In his reaction against a rationalist morality and his stress on feeling, he has I think thrown out the baby and kept the bath water; and the bath water may turn out to be very dirty indeed. When Sir Patrick's lecture was first delivered *The Times* greeted it with these words: 'There is a moving and welcome humility in the conception that society should not be asked to give its reason for refusing to tolerate what in its heart it feels intolerable'. This drew from a correspondent in Cambridge the retort: 'I am afraid that we are less humble than we used to be. We once burnt old women because, without giving our reasons, we felt in our hearts that witchcraft was intolerable'.

This retort is a bitter one, yet its bitterness is salutary. We are not, I suppose, likely, in England, to take again to the burning of old women for witchcraft or to punishing people for associating with those of a different race or colour, or to punishing people again for adultery. Yet if these things were viewed with intolerance, indignation, and disgust, as the second of them still is in some countries, it seems that on Sir Patrick's principles no rational criticism could be opposed to the claim that they should be punished by law. We could only pray, in his words, that the limits of tolerance might shift.

Curious Logic

It is impossible to see what curious logic has led Sir Patrick to this result. For him a practice is immoral if the thought of it makes the man on the Clapham omnibus sick. So be it. Still, why should we not summon all the resources of our reason, sympathetic understanding, as well as critical intelligence, and insist that before general moral feeling is turned into criminal law it is submitted to scrutiny of a different kind from Sir Patrick's? Surely, the legislator should ask whether the general morality is based on ignorance, superstition, or misunderstanding; whether there is a false conception that those who practise what it condemns are in other ways dangerous or hostile to society; and whether the misery to many parties, the blackmail and the other evil consequences of criminal punishment, especially for sexual offences, are well understood. It is surely extraordinary that among the things which Sir Patrick says are to be considered before we legislate against immorality these appear nowhere; not even as 'practical considerations', let alone 'theoretical limits'. To any theory which, like this one, asserts that the criminal law may be used on the vague ground that the preservation of morality is essential to society and yet omits to stress the need for critical scrutiny, our reply should be: 'Morality, what crimes may be committed in thy name!'

As Mill saw, and de Tocqueville showed in detail long ago in his critical but sympathetic study of democracy, it is fatally easy to confuse the democratic principle that power should be in the hands of the majority with the utterly different claim that the majority, with power in their hands, need respect no limits. Certainly there is a special risk in a democracy that the majority may dictate how all should live. This is the risk we run, and should gladly run; for it is the price of all that is so good in democratic rule. But loyalty to democratic principles does not require us to maximize this risk: yet this is what we shall do if we mount the man in the street on the top of the Clapham omnibus and tell him that if only he feels sick enough about what other people do in private to demand its suppression by law no theoretical criticism can be made of his demand.

—Third Programme

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Peking on the Defensive

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Courage in the Air

I STOPPED my motor, and instantly my machine fell straight on the ground. Soldiers in khaki ran up, and also a policeman. Two of my compatriots were on the spot. They kissed my cheeks, I was overwhelmed'. Thus did Louis Blériot describe, in the B.B.C.'s programme 'Scrapbook for 1909', his dramatic arrival one July morning out of the sky and on to a hillside near Dover. In less than forty minutes, a Frenchman had won the £1,000 prize offered by Lord Northcliffe through the *Daily Mail* to the first man to cross the English Channel. In an anniversary talk which we now print Mr. Charles Gibbs-Smith describes the significance of the flight and tells the story of Blériot and of his most immediate rival in the contest, Hubert Latham. Blériot's success caught the public imagination in two ways. People realized that the era of Britain's sea-girt isolation was ending; and they became aware of the spirit of romantic endeavour involved in the breaking of air records.

This spirit of romance continued to envelop the world's flying heroes all through the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-thirties. It still surrounds the names of John Alcock and Arthur Whitten-Brown—first across the Atlantic; Charles Lindbergh—first across it 'solo'; the England to Australia air race—with C. W. Scott and Campbell Black winning, and a non-stop 'first leg' to Baghdad by Amy Johnson and Jim Mollison; it surrounds the many feats of Miss Jean Batten, Sir Alan Cobham and Charles Kingsford-Smith. The achievements seemed incredible. They happened to coincide with the pioneering years of wireless development. Listeners all over the world suddenly found they could hear for themselves what was happening. Many tuned in to the B.B.C. in London to do so.

Undoubtedly something of the romance and excitement of this age was re-created earlier this month by the *Daily Mail's* Blériot Anniversary Race between London and Paris. The reason is not hard to discover. Human endeavour calls forth more admiration than the accomplishment of machines. Great skill is involved in the piloting and navigation of the latest jet airliners and machines that fly much faster than sound. Last September a De Havilland Comet IV flew from Hong Kong to Hertfordshire in under nineteen hours. Every day now the Atlantic is crossed by aircraft in under seven. Such feats represent triumphs of engineering skill and they reflect the greatest credit on the prowess of the fliers concerned. The public imagination is captured but not in quite the way it was when people read of how Blériot lost his way or of the ingenuity which Whitten-Brown showed in 1919 when he dealt with the ice that started forming on the engine intakes of the Vickers Vimy machine in which he and Alcock had set out on their Atlantic adventure. The two men had no heat to bring on, no electric buttons to press or elaborate controls to help (even their air-speed indicator had failed). Six times Brown climbed on to the wings of the aircraft and, with freezing hands, cleared away the ice with his penknife. Here was a man who like Blériot defied the elements with pieces of iron and string. Flying conditions such as these are impossible to re-create again. But a challenge to ingenuity can be contrived. The reflection that arises is whether it is the organizer who has become the modern hero. Or does a pioneer of genius need to blend—like Sir Vivian Fuchs—personal courage and leadership with planning skill?

THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT has been getting a bad press over Tibet in Muslim countries, including the United Arab Republic. No doubt news of the opposition of Muslim minorities inside China to communist measures, such as the dropping of Arabic in the schools and enforced communisation, has affected opinion in countries like Pakistan and Egypt. A recent Peking transmission quoted, with some indignation, what the Cairo weekly *Akhbar al-Yawm* said recently about Chinese policy in Tibet:

Using mean fabrications, the Egyptian article did its utmost to distort the truth about the Tibet rebellion and took exception to the Chinese Government's suppression of this rebellion in its own territory. Parodying imperialist jargon, the article called the Tibet rebellion a 'revolution', and Tibet a 'country'. It slandered the Chinese Government's action in exercising its sovereign rights over its own territory as 'the story of the brutality of Communist imperialism which drives people from their homes and tramples upon their sacred beliefs and turns them into slaves'.

The same Peking transmission complained of other newspaper articles in the United Arab Republic:

For instance the Egyptian paper *Al-Masa* carried the so-called prophecies of the so-called prophet Ahmed el-Intabi. He said that 'strong resistance' will take place in China against the present régime . . . as a result of which a man will appear and will change many of the present conditions. China will move away from the Communist sphere.

In a later Chinese broadcast exception was taken to Pakistan's 'very unfriendly attitude' towards China on the question of Tibet:

The Foreign Minister and other responsible officials of Pakistan have come out with utterances at home and abroad slandering the Chinese people, interfering in China's domestic affairs, sowing discord in the relations between China and India and agitating for cold war. While the American imperialists openly demanded that Pakistan and India join together in opposing China, the Pakistani President came out personally with a proposal to India that it form a 'joint defence alliance' with Pakistan.

The Pakistan government was also attacked for receiving a 'so-called Muslim Haji Mission' from Formosa:

The fact that the Pakistani government treated the so-called mission of the Chiang Kai-shek clique as 'guests of honour' and connived in their activities on Pakistani soil against China was by no means an isolated and accidental case. Responsible personnel of the Pakistani government have on many occasions openly defied China's territorial sovereignty over Formosa by calling Formosa a 'country' or by placing Formosa and mainland China on the same footing.

Following Mr. Khrushchev's sudden calling-off of his visit to the Scandinavian countries the Swedish radio interviewed two Swedish personalities who had been attacked by the Russian government as being among those who, by their anti-Soviet activities, had caused the Russian Prime Minister to cancel his tour.

One of them, Mr. Jarl Hjalmarson, leader of the Conservative Party, said in the interview that although the 'Soviet dictator is not accustomed to opposition' he could not have been so offended by the discussion of 'his projected propaganda tour' in Sweden. Hjalmarson went on to denounce Khrushchev's policy as 'exactly the same as that of his predecessors in Russia. . . just as unscrupulous, just as much power dominated . . . Hungary is still enslaved . . . The Balkans lie under the iron heel and the Baltic countries . . . are compelled to live under occupation and oppression . . . Recently the man who had an invitation to make a friendly visit to our country declared that he possessed the means of destroying us in a few hours from his rocket and robot bases. Perhaps he is right. But he has forgotten one thing, or perhaps he simply does not understand it—the solidarity of free people is stronger than the strongest robot weapon'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

RADIO IN EDUCATION

MR. HAROLD HOUGHTON, who is Deputy Educational Adviser at the Colonial Office, was one of those who took part last week in a conference that discussed 'Radio in Education' at Broadcasting House. He talked about the conference in 'This Day and Age' to General Overseas Service audiences. 'This conference', he said, 'is being held at the request of the Colonial Office, with the B.B.C. playing the role of both hosts and technical experts. The sort of questions being asked at it, and being answered where answers are possible, are these:

"Can school broadcasting help an unqualified teacher working in a one-room school up river in North Borneo?"

"What is the best type of receiver to use in schools which have no source of electric supply?"

"Does a dramatized presentation of a historical story evoke the same response from children in Tanganyika as from children in Fiji?"

'In the whole of education nothing is more difficult than to know how far English experience is valid when translated into other tongues and transported across thousands of miles of sea. The day has gone when any of us expect to find an immediate answer to the requirements of an African school in the established practices of a school in England. Yet in school broadcasting there is clearly much of relevance in English experience. The technical aspect of the process must be much the same no matter where the broadcasting is done. Many a British territory overseas already has good reason to be grateful for the help of B.B.C. staff in developing new broadcasting systems—and in many cases giving the first stimulus to simple attempts at school broadcasting. So it is that, for eight days, a group of two women and more than thirty men have been meeting to pool their experiences. They came from twenty territories, as widely dispersed as Malta and the British Solomon Islands, and as varied in size as Barbados and Nigeria. They have discussed their ideas for future development, and they have tried to formulate such general principles and recommendations as are likely to guide any other territories which still have to take the plunge and set up their first school-broadcasting systems.

'The problems are as varied as the experiences. Some representatives have been concerned less with education than they have with purely technical questions, and these can be extremely difficult to solve when one is in an isolated village, miles away from all amenities and resources. The other kind of problem is educational in content rather than technical, and of this sort there is no end. One question that deserves particular consideration is that of direct teaching by radio, as distinct from the use of broadcast material to reinforce or embellish a lesson given by a teacher in the normal way. Most, though not all, school broadcasts in this country have been of this supporting or reinforcing type. It has been one of the most often quoted truisms that "the broadcast can never replace the teacher". And it may well be that that simple statement remains true, even where education is least sophisticated and least developed. There is certainly room

for thought and discussion about the possibility of using radio in a different way. I mean, for example, the putting across of ideas and information which may be beyond the experience, perhaps even beyond the full comprehension, of some of the untrained teachers, of whom there are still unfortunately large numbers to be found in schools overseas.

'The fundamental question in all our discussions is whether school broadcasting is a necessity or a needless frill? When a

country cannot afford to give all its children even the elements of primary education; when it cannot train its teachers in sufficient numbers to cope with all the children, or in sufficient degree to deal efficiently with those children who do come to school; when it has not enough schools to house all the children who want to attend, and when many of those who attend school do so in conditions which almost deny the possibility of good teaching, is school broadcasting a necessity? Should we wait until all our schools

have adequate buildings, until the horrible overcrowding has become a thing of the past, until we have enough teachers, enough both in number and in quality, before indulging in this expensive refinement? I am glad that in general terms the delegates to our conference have affirmed the view that even in the difficult conditions which many of them have to face at home, school broadcasts have a great deal to offer. They may have to be simple in form and comparatively unambitious in presentation; but the additional element of reality, of vividness, or of drama that they bring into the class-room, will, I think, be considered as fully justifying the expenditure of time, trouble, and much-needed money in their preparation'.

THE SEAMLESS ROBE OF TRIER

'The city of Trier on the river Mosel, near West Germany's border with Luxembourg, is often said to be the oldest in Germany', said F. D. WALKER in 'Today'. 'For two months this year, until the middle of September, it is expected to receive some millions of visitors, for during that period there will be shown once again in Trier Cathedral one of the most famous relics in Germany—a robe believed by some to be the seamless robe of Christ, the garment for which the Roman soldiers cast lots.

'The Pope has sent a letter to the Bishop of Trier heralding the exhibition of the robe as symbolizing the unity of the Church. The Vatican will be represented at the ceremonies by an Italian Cardinal, and the robe itself will be unveiled by the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne. Nearly fifty other cardinals or bishops are expected to come to the city during the two months, and there has been a report that one of the lay pilgrims will be Dr. Adenauer.

'In the cathedral the robe will be shown pressed between two sheets of glass. It was last exhibited publicly in 1933; before that, three times in the nineteenth century, and a big pilgrimage was made to Trier to see it in the mid-seventeenth century, after the



The seamless robe, seen above the altar, in Trier Cathedral

end of the Thirty Years' War. Another famous public showing of it was in 1512, before the Holy Roman Emperor, Maximilian. For more than 300 years before that the robe had been walled up in Trier Cathedral, and it is said that during those centuries it was feared that any who looked upon it without belief would be struck blind. The earliest tradition connected with the robe is that in the first half of the fourth century the Roman Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, sent it from Jerusalem to Trier, by whose Bishop she had been converted to Christianity.

TOYS OF YESTERDAY

A branch of the Victoria and Albert Museum is the Bethnal Green Museum, which has become increasingly well known in recent years for its collection of children's toys. The latest acquisitions are two dolls' houses—one made in the nineteen - twenties and one dating from 1874. CHRISTOPHER JONES described them in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The first of these two dolls' houses', he said, 'is a model of Oakley House in Bedfordshire, for many years the home of the Russell family. Two members of that family had it built in about 1921 by the village carpenter, and then decorated and furnished it.

'It has fifteen rooms, and every one of them is complete to the very last detail. There is food on the table in the kitchen, books in all the bookcases, a bedside clock on a table in one of the bedrooms, and a paraffin heater in the stillroom. In the nursery are two dolls' houses. The room which I thought most attractive was the elegant drawing room, with luxurious furniture upholstered in heavy white silk, and tiny lacquered tables, and richly coloured carpet, which had been worked in delicate embroidery.

'The Currie dolls' house, that is the one made in 1874, is on a quite different scale. To begin with it is much larger, and it is bursting at the seams with opulence and florid decorations. Outside, it is a vast country mansion on the grandest scale, and inside it looks like Lilliput with the lid off. There are dozens of little figures in it, getting out of bed, cooking in the kitchen, and even a priest saying Mass in the family's private chapel. Everywhere in this overcrowded mansion there is a display of wealth: sumptuous but over-stuffed furniture, chandeliers of Venetian glass, and the walls smothered with oil-paintings in heavy, gilt frames.

'There are many other kinds of toys on show—such as the model of a fair booth and its attendant, dating from about 1835. The gaily-coloured stall is covered with dozens of tiny pots and jars, and there are even miniature reproductions of those

Staffordshire china houses now so much in favour as collectors' pieces. Among all these large and expensive playthings I liked best a simple wooden horse with its famous rider John Gilpin. Both Gilpin, who is in a scarlet coat and black top-hat, and his horse have been made with plenty of joints in them, so that they can be arranged in a number of highly moral attitudes, like "discipline" or "retaliation" and, finally, "reconciliation", with horse and master locked in a fond embrace'.

HAYTIME IN THE HILLS

'Summer spells haymaking', said HARRY SOAN in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'and that means getting out tools and machinery. It means being brought face to face with wear and tear and breakages, things we meant to deal with as soon as last year's harvest was finished. In the low-lands, where modern machinery has long since displaced the ancient scythe and hayrake, this time of the year means telephoning agents, telegrams to makers, hurried visits to town to fetch spare parts. It is otherwise up in the hill country of Britain. There the first swallow sends men to take down scythes and put the blades on the old grindstone that usually stands among the nettles at the back of the buildings, and in the little steep fields of this country one can still see two or three men following each other across a

field scything with rhythmic sweeps and hear the blades' sweet cut through the grass. Every so often the rubbing-stone will whet the blade with the rhythm of a modern dance-band; and every so often, too, the men will wet their mouths from a bottle not of cider but of oatmeal water.

'Back in the farmyard in the shade of a tree sits an old man, whose mowing days are past, with a collection of rakes beside him, some with worn uneven teeth, some with teeth missing. From a bundle of sticks in his lap he will shape new teeth with his pocket-knife and fit them to the rakes. He will recall seeing his grandfather doing this job, then his own father, and now his turn has come. Whether in the course of time his son and grandson will take his place is doubtful, for modern life is in conflict with these small remote farms.

'In the white-washed house the women are busy preparing food for the hayfield, especially rhubarb and gooseberry tarts that will be baked on large enamel plates, and then the women and the old man will go into the field and, taking a row each, they will follow one behind the other, turning the swathes the scythes have cut. Round and round the field they will go, like a knife round an apple'.



The Currie dolls' house, made in 1874: it is nine feet six inches wide



Sharpening a scythe during hay-making

Metternich and his 'System' for Europe

By A. J. P. TAYLOR

IN 1822, just before the opening of the Congress of Verona, the Russian ambassador suddenly died. Metternich is supposed to have said: 'I wonder why he did that'. An old story, probably made up years after as a parody of Metternich's habit of finding a hidden significance in every event. At any rate there is no need to search for the significance in Metternich's own death on June 11, 1859. The significance hits one in the eye. The battle of Solferino was fought a fortnight later. The Austrian army was defeated by the combined forces of France and Sardinia. Austrian supremacy in Italy was ended; and the age of Metternich ended with it.

Solferino was not much of a battle, except for the terrible casualties. It was a brutal slogging-match. Neither side showed any gift of leadership or strategical insight. All the same, it was a decisive battle; the first lasting success of European nationalism. National Italy and, more remotely, national Germany were born on the field of Solferino. More distantly still, all the national states of east-central Europe can trace their victory back to the same day. The ill-directed armies, lurching clumsily against each other, symbolized the clash of two great principles: the conservative tradition of dynastic rights on the one side, revolutionary nationalism on the other. No wonder that Metternich withdrew from the scene. He and his Europe died together.

As a matter of fact, Metternich dated his own death rather earlier. 'Yes, we are all dead', he said to his wife on March 13, 1848, when he came home after resigning as Austrian Chancellor under the pressure of street-rioting. The revolutions of 1848 were all directed against 'the Metternich system'—against the social system which he was supposed to represent; against the international settlement made at the Congress of Vienna; and against the conservative principles which Metternich enunciated at such length. In March 1848 he supposed that the revolution had triumphed. He went into exile—at Brighton oddly enough, though that is symbolic, too. In fact the revolutions were defeated. The old order had another ten years of existence, though hardly of life. Metternich himself got back to Vienna: a neglected ghost to whom nobody listened.

The Italian war of 1859 saw the next round in the struggle and a more decisive one. This time the national cause triumphed for good. But in a different way from 1848. Then men had believed that the idealist cause would triumph of its own weight. 'Italy will do it herself'. And not only Italy—Poland, Germany, Hungary, radicalism, democracy, socialism: they were all supposed to be irresistible; and they were all defeated. Solferino was not a bit like that. It was won by conventional, disciplined armies in an old-fashioned way; and the war was brought about by old-style secret diplomacy—the successors of Metternich were outwitted by his own methods. Though conservatism was defeated at Solferino, radicalism was defeated, too. This set the pattern for the future. All the great radical hopes of 1848 were achieved within a couple of generations. But they were achieved in a hard-headed cynical way; and by the time they arrived they had lost their glamour. Though there were celebrations of a rather modest sort on the field of Solferino a few weeks ago, no one said, as



Prince von Metternich (1773-1859): after the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Charles Fox said of the fall of the Bastille: 'How much the greatest event since the beginning of the world—and how much the best'.

Metternich's system has gone. There are national states all over Europe. Men contemplate this outcome gloomily. They even regret that they did not take Metternich's advice and leave things alone. Indeed it is the fashion now among historians to go wandering about the past regretting what has happened. I do not share this contemporary taste. It is equally little the task of the historian to be forever rejoicing in what happened, or to keep pointing out—as Macaulay did—that events were on the move, faster and faster, to that most perfect of times: the present. The great thing about the past is that it has happened—very fortunately for historians. It is hard enough to find out about it without trying to alter it. Least of all can we put it back. So-called restorations simply create new systems and institutions with the old names. This is how it worked out with the great

Restoration which followed the defeat of Napoleon. Even the Austrian empire of 1815 was markedly different—in structure, spirit, geographic shape—from the anonymous empire which had stumbled into war with the French revolution in 1792. It was this remade empire that Metternich spent his life defending, and which we now see through a romantic haze.

Even the haze of time is a romantic illusion. The Austrian empire is supposed to have been extremely old. Strictly speaking, it was quite new. The title, Emperor of Austria, was invented only in 1804, to have something to set off against Napoleon's own invention, Emperor of the French. As for the Austrian empire, as distinct from the emperor, I am not sure that it ever existed at all. It was an idea, not a state; or, on a more prosaic level, a convenient name for the territorial possessions, shifting and scattered, of the House of Habsburg.

Other dynasties managed to associate themselves, more or less, with some sort of national consciousness long before the age of nationalism. The House of Habsburg remained purely a family concern. It is often called 'international'; but this is the wrong word. International implies co-operation between nations or at any rate between nationalities. The House of Habsburg did not want nations and nationalities to co-operate; it did not want them to exist. The Austrian empire was not international; it was 'non-national', as indeed it was negative in everything. From start to finish, the Habsburg monarchy could be defined only in terms of what it was not. In the sixteenth century it was not Turkish. Later on, it was not aggressive—a slightly sham claim this one. At the end, it was not German. It had many fine mottoes and maxims. Its real spirit was expressed by the lines of Hilaire Belloc:

Always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse—

or, for that matter, something better.

It was this negative character that suited Metternich, and led him to serve the House of Habsburg for a lifetime. At least, this is the more charitable interpretation of his conduct: the public face, as it were, with which historians credit statesmen. As a matter of fact, he served the house of Habsburg because he

made a fortune out of it: turned from a Count into a Prince, acquired castles and palaces, lined his pockets. Certainly Metternich and the Habsburg monarchy were well in tune. It had always been negative; he was the great 'No-man'. One can make a long list of the changes he did not like, from the French revolution to the change of date on New Year's day. But what did he like except economic amelioration for his own benefit? He claimed to like railways, but this was only to move troops about better for purposes of resistance. In old age he used to sit at his desk, consoling himself with the murmur 'I have been a rock of order'.

Obstinate but Soft

This was largely pretence: deception of others and still more of himself. Metternich was no rock. He was obstinate, but soft, always trying to talk difficulties out of existence. He made his name as the man who organized Europe for the overthrow of Napoleon. But he had not intended to do it. What he wanted was to turn Napoleon—the conqueror and tyrant of Europe—into a gentle, bumbling family-man, devoted to his silly Habsburg wife. The Habsburg monarchy was much the same—resisting in the last ditch, not the first. It had to save Europe from Mohammedanism in the sixteenth century when the Turks actually reached the gates of Vienna. But it undertook the task unwillingly; more than a century and a half passed before it liberated Hungary; and even this had to be provoked by another Turkish siege of Vienna.

So, too, in the nineteenth century, after the defeat of Napoleon, Metternich deliberately did not reclaim the Austrian Netherlands and the old Habsburg lands on the Rhine. Others could have the honour and the burden of meeting the next wave of French aggression. The Habsburg emperor refused also to restore the Holy Roman Empire in Germany, leaving the German princes to resist nationalism. On the other hand, the Habsburg monarchy, under Metternich's guidance, pushed itself into Italy more assertively than before. This is a puzzle, a contradiction. Metternich did not like trouble if it could be avoided. Yet in Italy the Habsburg monarchy acquired new territories; distributed guarantees to the princes; and deliberately marked itself out as the target for nationalism.

I doubt whether there is a rational explanation for this policy. The Italian peninsula was a power-vacuum after the fall of Napoleon; and the Habsburg monarchy got sucked into it. The Great Powers have always felt the glamour of Italy; and statesmen have attached more strategic importance to it than it had in reality, from Charles VIII of France in 1494 to Winston Churchill in 1943. Metternich made the same miscalculation. Besides, he believed that Italy was more favourable ground on which to conduct the struggle against revolutionary ideas. In Germany, he had little faith in the princes; he recognized the strength of German nationalism, and felt its appeal himself. Italian nationalism was an ideal, pure abstraction. There had never been any kind of Italian national state before the time of Napoleon; and even his Kingdom of Italy was a sham. Italy was, in Metternich's well-known phrase, a geographic expression, without even a unity of language—what we nowadays call 'Italian' used to be called 'Tuscan'. The Italian states had a glorious historical record. Venice, Florence, and the Papacy were already flourishing, when most of the contemporary Great Powers had not been heard of. The conflict between tradition and abstract ideal was sharpest and clearest in Italy. It was the best field of conflict for Metternich to choose if he was determined to fight at all. Italy became the parade-ground both of his policy and of the Habsburg army.

A man who conducts the foreign policy of a great power for almost forty years cannot concentrate all the time on a single problem; and Italian affairs were often obscured by Poland, Spain, the Eastern question, Belgium, and even at one moment by Switzerland. Nevertheless Italy always occupied the central position in Metternich's calculations. Italy was to demonstrate his own skill. It was to convince everyone that the Habsburg monarchy was 'a European necessity'. Instead it worked the other way round. It was Italy which first created the moral discredit of the Habsburg monarchy. Think of the English poets denouncing Metternich and Austria—Byron, Landor, Swinburne, the Brownings; it was experience in Italy which moved them.

Think of Gladstone exclaiming: 'There is not an instance—there is not a spot upon the whole map where you can lay your finger and say, "There Austria did good!"'. The spot where in fact he laid his finger was Naples—a kingdom which was kept in existence by Austrian protection.

Elsewhere in Europe others shared the blame for oppression: Russia, for instance, shared it in Poland, and indeed deserved the greater share. In Italy the Habsburg empire oppressed alone. Austrian rule in Italy appeared as one of the two big moral blots on nineteenth-century Europe—a Turkish rule in the Balkans was the other. It was Italy which turned the Austrian empire into a second 'sick man'. The moral defeat went further. Even after Italy had been liberated and united, the moral smear remained; and when the nationalities of the Austrian empire voiced their claims during the first world war, they soon found sympathetic hearers. Englishmen and Americans had grown up believing that Austria once oppressed the Italians; therefore they readily believed that she was now oppressing the Czechs, Rumanians, and south Slavs. It was Austrian rule in Italy that launched her on the path of disintegration.

The Austrian defeat in Italy was a European defeat, not simply a defeat by Italian nationalism. This is what Solferino symbolizes. And this is why Italians have been rejoicing less over the anniversary of the success at Solferino than they did eleven years ago over the anniversary of the unsuccessful revolutions of 1848. In 1848 the Habsburg monarchy had contended against the Italian revolution without interference from foreign powers. The British Government advised the Habsburgs to give up their Italian possessions—in its usual generous way with other people's property. The French republicans sympathized with Italian nationalism, but not to the extent of going to war. The Austrian army fought alone; and won alone. Afterwards things changed. Austrian rule, now based on martial law, was in fact more oppressive than it had been before. The other powers wearied of 'the Italian question'. Once they had perhaps agreed that Austrian rule in Italy was a European necessity. Now they came to feel that the European necessity was to get Austria out of Italy; and all the Great Powers welcomed Austria's defeat in 1859.

Social Appeals

There was another factor on which Italian historians have recently laid much stress. The movements of 1848 had relied solely on the national ideal; and this appealed only to the intellectual middle class. After 1848 Mazzini went on preaching nationalism; but others thought that they must add social appeals if they were to win the masses: land reform for the peasants; social reform for the workers in the towns. There was no longer the old choice between acquiescence and revolution. The question for Italians was now: Which sort of revolution? A great radical revolution on the French scale of 1789; or a respectable revolution with moderate methods and foreign allies? Cavour, Prime Minister of Sardinia, chose the second course. From the moment he came to power in 1852 he regarded it as his task to expel the Austrians without shaking the social foundations. He, not Metternich—or rather Metternich's successors—was now the true conservative.

The Italian war of 1859 was made by diplomacy, not by popular enthusiasm. The revolution was there, but it came from without: Napoleon III, himself a revolutionary, turned respectable, or at any rate turned Emperor. The Austrian army was defeated, not morally overwhelmed. Solferino was not the end of the story, only the beginning. Garibaldi, the great radical, won Sicily and Naples by radical methods in 1860. But Cavour was too strong for him. Garibaldi abandoned the social revolution for the sake of Italian unity. Not much more than twenty years later, Italy became the ally of the Habsburg monarchy. More ironical still, in the nineteen-thirties, after the dissolution of the Austrian empire, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg—the last Austrian statesmen who claimed to be the heirs of Metternich—were kept going by Mussolini's protection. Now, strangely enough, all the Great Powers are agreed that Austria is a European necessity. It is about the only thing on which they are agreed. And they are agreed upon it because the Austrian empire, the empire of Metternich, has ceased to exist. Yes, he is dead all right.

—Third Programme

Blériot's Triumph in Perspective

CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH on the first flight by aeroplane across the Channel

FIFTY years ago, on July 25, 1909, the customs authorities at Dover were set a curious problem. A traveller from France had landed on their shores in a totally unprecedented manner, and they did not know what to do about it. After much discussion, they entered the visitor's name in their books, classed his vehicle as a yacht, and described him as its 'master and owner'. The man was Louis Blériot, and the vehicle was an aeroplane.

The customs men were puzzled, but the general public was excited and alarmed; and these feelings were echoed by the press and by the governments of Europe. For the English Channel was not just a stretch of water; it was a special symbol, as much to those on the Continent as to us in Britain. For if an aeroplane could span that impregnable moat which protected these islands, there was no telling what it might do next. 'And there was no more sea', wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*; 'England no longer an island', cried the *Daily Mail*; 'New and troubled horizons are suddenly opened before humanity', warned *Le Figaro* in Paris. One or two of the newspapers had to whistle hard to keep their courage up: the weekly *Sketch* said: 'There seem to be a good many people who cannot sleep o' nights for fear that enemies, skimming into England like a flight of all-devouring locusts, drop bombs outside their doors'.

Today, with the memory of two world wars still fresh in our minds, and news of supersonic aeroplanes and orbiting satellites part of our daily consumption, it is hard for us to realize what all the fuss was about those fifty short years ago. Was it not obvious, even then, that aeroplanes could fly over water and perhaps carry bombs? The answer, quite simply, is no: it was not at all obvious. Fifty years ago only a few far-sighted men could guess where flying might lead; but to most people, including many of the aviators themselves, flying machines were little more than new-fangled toys. Europe was, of course, partially conscious of the Zeppelin menace—the first Zeppelin had flown in 1900—but the experts said that these enormous gas-bags would fall an easy prey to gunfire.

To see the first cross-Channel aeroplane flight in perspective—the Channel, by the way, had first been crossed by balloon in 1785—one must go back to the year 1902, when word came to Europe of the excellent gliding performances by two young bicycle makers in America, the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright. Then, in 1903, another American pioneer, the elderly Octave Chanute, came to France and lectured about the Wrights, showing impressive photographs of them gliding over the wind-swept Kill Devil sandhills near Kitty Hawk. Chanute gave it to be understood



Louis Blériot flying his No. XI, in which he made the first crossing of the Channel by aeroplane

that the Wrights intended soon to build a machine with an engine. At this, the French were suddenly seized with a determination to beat the Americans and be the first to fly with a powered aeroplane. They had no idea how close the Wrights were to success. But instead of pursuing their goal with care and determination, the French proceeded to involve themselves in a fantastic turmoil of misread clues, bewildered and misdirected effort, and generally floundering endeavour. So much so that it was to be four years before any man in the whole of Europe could stay in the air for a single minute: this feat was performed by the expatriate Englishman Henri Farman in November of 1907. By August of 1908 Farman had raised his endurance record to twenty minutes, and could also make wavering circuits in calm air.

Meanwhile, the Wrights, who had made the first powered flights on December 17, 1903, by the end of 1905 had produced a fully practical aeroplane which could bank, turn, circle, fly figures of eight, and stay easily in the air for over half an hour at a time. In August 1908, Wilbur Wright flew in public for the first time—in France—and within a few months he had revolutionized European aviation. He had demonstrated the difference between driving a flying machine through the air like a winged but unwilling automobile and manoeuvring it about the sky like a bird.

Among the men who were deeply impressed by Wilbur Wright's performances in France, and just as deeply depressed by the stagnation in Europe, was Lord Northcliffe; and through his *Daily Mail* he offered—in 1908—a prize of £1,000 to the first man to fly a heavier-than-air machine across the English Channel, the prize to be competed for in 1909. This gesture appealed to the sporting instincts of aviators and public alike, but the prospects of anyone except the Wrights being able to succeed seemed dim at that time, even though the minimum distance across the Channel was only some twenty-one miles. Engines were unreliable, and proper control in the air was only just being learned.



Blériot with his wife after his landing at Dover, July 25, 1909

As the year 1908 disappeared, and month followed month in 1909, only one European emerged as capable and ready to try the Channel crossing. He was a rich and popular young sportsman named Hubert Latham, the French son of an English father and a French mother. His machine was Léon Levavasseur's 'Antoinette IV', a graceful and robust monoplane fitted with ailerons for lateral control and powered by a fifty-horsepower motor. Latham had learned to fly only in March, but by May he made a flight of twenty-five miles, and in June he made one of fifty miles. The Wrights could easily have crossed the Channel at any time they pleased; but they were always extremely cautious—I think over-cautious in this case—and even now they did not consider their own or any other engine as reliable enough. Henri Farman might just have been able to cross by mid-year in his new machine, but he never took the challenge seriously. Also to be mildly in the running were a Mr. Seymour (with a Voisin), and the Comte de Lambert (with his French-built Wright machine): the Count even set up a headquarters on the French coast, but he did not have much competitive spirit, and never tried the crossing.

The Only Runner?

In the public's mind the only runner was Latham, and enthusiasm suddenly rose when, on July 2, Latham's 'Antoinette' arrived at the coastal village of Sangatte, about five miles south of Calais. Enthusiasm on both sides of the Channel mounted to fever pitch when, on July 8, Latham gave formal notice of his intention to fly. Then came bad weather and minor damage to the 'Antoinette', and it was not until Monday July 19 that Latham at last took off, at 6.45 a.m., and headed out to sea, accompanied by the French destroyer 'Harpon'. But Fate was against him: when he was only about seven miles out, the engine spluttered and died. He brought the 'Antoinette' gently down on to the calm water, where it floated buoyantly, with Latham sitting quietly smoking a cigarette and waiting for the 'Harpon' to pick him up.

However, the sadly disappointed public soon had their appetites revived by the sudden appearance of a newcomer; a newcomer, that is to say in their eyes, but a pioneer known to every aviator and would-be aviator in France. This was the thirty-seven-year-old Louis Blériot, whose motor-car lamp business had made him well off and able to devote much of his time to aviation. His first significant machine was made in 1905, and he had been indefatigably designing, constructing, and testing a series of aeroplanes ever since, with what *The Times* aptly described as 'courageous impatience'. Like Levavasseur, Blériot came to stake his reputation on the monoplane as opposed to the biplane, and in January 1909 had first tested his most promising aeroplane to date, the No. XI. After modifying this little aeroplane, and fitting it with a new engine, Blériot had made some good flights on it before winning a prize for an excellent twenty-six-mile cross-country flight, on July 13. It was the success of this flight, coupled with Latham's failure on the 19th, that suddenly determined Blériot to enter the Channel competition. His machine was efficient, but frail and not really suitable, with its three-cylinder, twenty-five horsepower Anzani engine. Lateral control on the No. XI was effected by the Wrights' system of wing-warping, which was a method of twisting the wings. It was this little machine that Blériot transported to the village of Les Baraques—between Calais and Sangatte—on July 21. But what raised the public's excitement to a new pitch was the arrival on the same day at Sangatte of a new 'Antoinette'—the No. VII—and with it the certainty that Latham would make his second attempt as soon as possible. There might now be a real race between the two men.

Again there was bad weather, and the duel was delayed. But Sunday, July 25, 1909, dawned calm and perfect for flying, and the race was on. Then the unbelievable happened. Latham was to be awakened by Levavasseur, but for reasons unknown at the time, and still unknown now, Levavasseur failed to wake his friend, and when Latham did wake, Blériot was twenty minutes out to sea. Blériot, who was staying at a hotel in Calais, had risen at 2.30 in the morning and motored out to Baraques. With one foot still acutely painful from a recent burn, he had had to hobble out on crutches to his machine. At 4.15 he had taken off for a

successful six-minute practice flight. Satisfied that all was well, and warmly dressed in a tweed suit, extra wool-lined jacket, leather helmet, and overalls, he left the ground again at 4.41 a.m. precisely—5.41 by French time—crossed the coast one minute later and headed out to sea. The escorting destroyer 'Escopette', with Madame Blériot on board, had already been alerted and got under way, and a Marconi operator on the cliffs had tapped out his wireless message to Dover.

Flying at about 40 miles an hour, Blériot overhauled the 'Escopette' at 4.48 and disappeared from her view ten minutes later. He kept between 250 and 330 feet above the water. Blériot told the *Daily Mail*:

I begin my flight, steady and sure, towards the coast of England. I have no apprehensions, no sensations. . . . The motion of the waves beneath me is not pleasant. I drive on.

Soon Blériot is all alone over the sea, the first aeroplane pilot in history to experience this sensation:

I turn my head to see if I am proceeding in the right direction. I am amazed. There is nothing to be seen, . . . I am alone. I can see nothing at all. . . . For ten minutes I am lost. It is a strange position, to be alone, unguided without compass in the air over the middle of the Channel. . . . I let the aeroplane take its own course. I care not whither it goes. . . . I see the green cliffs of Dover, the castle, and away to the west the spot where I intended to land. What can I do? It is evident that the wind has taken me out of my course. I am almost at St. Margaret's Bay and going in the direction of the Goodwin Sands. Now is the time to attend to the steering. I press the lever with my foot and turn easily towards the west. . . .

Now, indeed, I am in difficulties, for the wind here by the cliffs is much stronger, and my speed is reduced as I fight against it. Yet my beautiful aeroplane responds. Still steadily as I fly westward hoping to cross the harbour and reach the Shakespeare cliff. Again the wind blows. I see an opening in the cliff. . . . I cannot resist the opportunity to make a landing upon this green spot. Once more I turn my aeroplane, and, describing a half-circle, I enter the opening and find myself again over dry land. Avoiding the red buildings on my right, I attempt a landing; but the wind catches me. . . . At once I stop my motor, and instantly my machine falls straight upon the land from a height of twenty metres. In two or three seconds I am safe upon your shore.

He made no mention then of having flown through a shower of rain which providentially cooled his motor: that was one of the many later, and probably apocryphal, stories of the great flight.

'A New Era in Our World'

Blériot touched down at 5.17½, his historic flight having lasted for thirty-six-and-a-half minutes. The first person to greet him was a constable of the Dover police, who arrived on the spot a minute or two before the official timekeeper Monsieur Fontaine. A Lieut. Shackleton wrote: 'In the cold, grey dawn of the morning, before the sun . . . had dissipated the dew-drops, he was in our country. It marks a new era in our world'.

And what of Latham? Despite Blériot's victory, he still intended to fly the same day: but the wind rose and it became impossible. He had not been happy about his new 'Antoinette', as it was fitted with wing-warping and not ailerons like his other machine, and he had had no practice with this variety of lateral control. But he had been sure he would succeed in crossing the Channel on the 25th, if he had been woken up, and he was equally sure he could do it now. So on Tuesday, July 27, he set off again. This time all was going well, and the massed crowds at Dover began cheering when he came into view flying steadily toward his goal. Then again Fate struck him down: when he was only about a mile from the shore his new engine failed, and he had to force-land on the water for the second time.

Latham never again attempted the Channel crossing, and after flying for a year or two more he gave it up and returned to an earlier enthusiasm, big game hunting. On June 25, 1912, he was tossed by a buffalo and killed while hunting in the French Congo.

Let another great aviator, Sir Alan Cobham, have the last word:

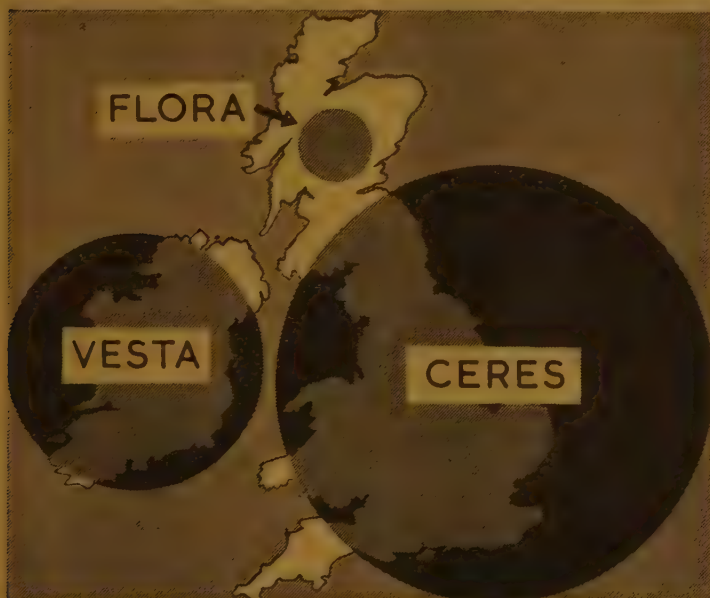
The day Blériot flew the Channel marked the end of our insular safety, and the beginning of the time when Britain must seek another form of defence beside its ships.

The Little Planets

By PATRICK MOORE

THERE can be few people who do not know at least something about the planets. Venus and Jupiter, for instance, have been so prominent in the evening sky during the past few months that they cannot fail to attract attention. Less is heard of the more remote planets, such as Uranus and Neptune, and the much smaller bodies known as minor planets or 'asteroids' are familiar only to astronomers.

The arrangement of the Sun's family of planets is rather distinctive. There is an inner group composed of four relatively small worlds, of which the Earth is one; then a wide gap; and, beyond this gap, four giant planets as well as a further small one (Pluto). During the eighteenth century a German named Titius worked out a numerical relationship in connection with the distances of the various planets; in 1772 this relationship was



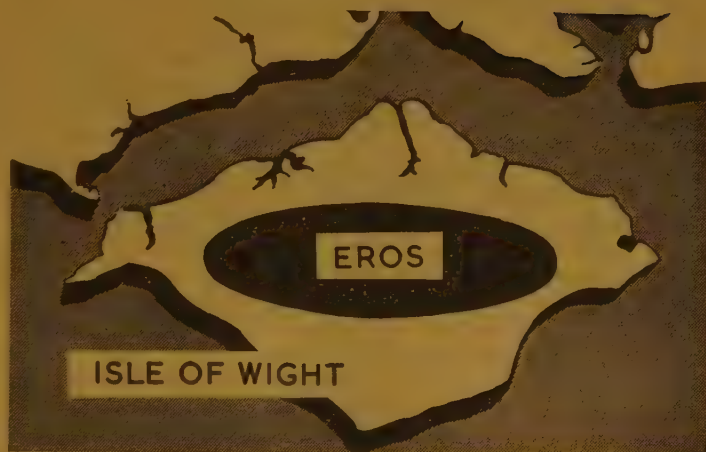
Ceres, Vesta, and Flora compared in size with the British Isles. Ceres is the largest of the minor planets (diameter 430 miles); Vesta is third in size; and Flora is typical of the larger asteroids.

discussed by another German, Bode, and is generally, though rather unfairly, known as Bode's Law. It may be stated as follows: Take the numbers 0, 3, 6, 12, 24, 48, 96, 192, and 384, each of which (apart from the first) is double its predecessor. Now add 4 to each, giving 4, 7, 10, 16, 28, 52, 100, 196, 388.

Taking the Earth's distance from the Sun as 10, this series of numbers gives the distances of the other planets with remarkable accuracy. A table will make this perfectly clear.

Planet	Distance according to Bode's Law	Actual distance
Mercury ...	4	3.9
Venus ...	7	7.2
The Earth ...	10	10.0
Mars ...	16	15.2
— ...	28	—
Jupiter ...	52	52.0
Saturn ...	100	95.4
Uranus ...	196	191.8
Neptune ...	—	300.7
Pluto ...	388	394.6

When the law was first announced, the three outermost planets were not known. Uranus was discovered in 1781, by Herschel, and was found to fit excellently into the sequence; but it is clear



Eros compared in size with the Isle of Wight

that the law breaks down badly for Neptune. There is also the point that Pluto, a strange little world on the outskirts of the solar system, may not be a proper planet at all, since there is at least a possibility that it used to be a satellite of Neptune. Its orbit is peculiar, and is more eccentric than those of the other planets. However, Bode and his contemporaries knew nothing about Neptune or Pluto, and so the law seemed to be almost perfect—apart from the fact that there was no number corresponding to the figure 28. This represents the gap between Mars, the last of the so-called terrestrial planets, and Jupiter, the innermost of the giants. Suggestions were made that a planet actually existed, moving round the Sun at about this distance.

In 1800 six German astronomers, headed by Johann Schröter and the Baron von Zach, assembled at Schröter's observatory at Lilienthal, near Bremen, and decided to make an energetic search for the missing planet. Accordingly they worked out a scheme by which each observer would be responsible for a certain region of the ecliptic, where the planet would presumably lie. Naturally, they expected it to be well below naked-eye visibility, since otherwise it would have been found centuries before.

Before the 'celestial police' could begin proper work they had been forestalled. Piazzi, director of the Sicilian observatory of Palermo, was engaged in compiling a star catalogue, and on January 1, 1801, he picked up a star-like object which showed perceptible motion from night to night. Piazzi at first believed it to be a tail-less comet, but he was suspicious enough to write to

Von Zach. Unfortunately his letter took some time to arrive, and before Von Zach received it the object

had been lost in the rays of the Sun; but Piazzi's observations were accurate enough for an orbit to be worked out, and early in 1802 the object

was again detected. Instead of being a comet it proved to be a small planet moving round the Sun at a distance of 27.7 units on the Bode scale, so corresponding excellently to the missing number 28. The solar system appeared to be complete, and—fittingly enough—the new world was named Ceres in honour of the patron goddess of Sicily.

Yet it was strangely tiny. Mercury, smallest of the planets known in ancient times, is 3,000 miles in diameter; Ceres was far less, and is now known to be a mere 430 miles across. Schröter and Von Zach did not disband their 'celestial police' at once, and during the next ten years they continued searching. Three more small



Orbits of some of the minor planets

worlds came to light, and were named Pallas, Vesta, and Juno, all of them even more insignificant than Ceres but moving round the Sun at roughly the same distance. Together, the four became known as the minor planets, though they are also referred to as asteroids or planetoids.

Embarrassingly Successful Method

A fifth body was found in 1845; three more in 1847, and others in succeeding years. By 1870 the total had reached 109, and before the end of the century this number had been more than doubled. Photographic methods of detection, first employed by Wolf of Heidelberg, proved to be almost embarrassingly successful. Roughly 1,700 minor planets have now been observed sufficiently well for their orbits to be calculated, and many more have been recorded on photographic plates. Only a few are bright, and Vesta alone is brilliant enough to be seen without a telescope when best placed; there must be hosts of others too faint to be detected. R. S. Richardson, formerly of Mount Wilson and now of the Griffith Observatory, has calculated that the total number of minor planets is about 44,000, but recently the Russian astronomer I. Putilin has increased this to 140,000. Yet the total mass is not so great as might be imagined, since nearly all the minor planets are so tiny. Ceres, as has been shown, has a diameter of 430 miles, while of the rest only Pallas exceeds 300 miles. Putilin and Fesenkov have calculated that all the minor planets put together will have a mass only six to seven times that of Ceres, which is very much less than for a body such as the Moon.

In themselves, the minor planets cannot be said to hold much interest. Even in the case of Ceres, the escape velocity is so low that there can be no vestige of atmosphere; it is probable that the material is of a stony character, and the vast majority of minor planets may be dismissed as mere lumps of matter a few miles across. For a body less than about two miles across, and of normal density, the escape velocity would be so slight that a man would be able to jump clear of the planet altogether simply by using his leg muscles. This is a curious state of affairs, but even when interplanetary travel has been achieved it does not appear that worldlets of such type will be suitable landing points.

The orbits of minor planets are of interest, however, and the gravitational effects of the senior members of the solar system are marked, with Jupiter playing the leading role, on account of its great mass. It has been suggested, though not proved, that the small outer satellites of Jupiter, as well as the two dwarf attendants of Mars, are not true 'moons' at all, but merely minor planets which were captured in the earlier days of the history of the solar system.

In 1898 Witt, at Berlin, discovered a minor planet which moved in an exceptional orbit. Eros, as it has been named, has an eccentric path which brings it well inside the orbit of Mars, so that at times it may pass within 15,000,000 miles of the Earth. This is not far on the astronomical scale, and during the year 1931, when Eros approached us to a distance of 17,000,000 miles, various observatories co-operated in measuring its position very precisely. The programme was drawn up in order to improve our knowledge of the length of the astronomical unit, or distance between the Earth and the Sun.

Astronomical Units

The sidereal periods of the main planets may be determined by observation, and mathematical theory then allows their distances to be worked out in astronomical units. This gives an accurate scale model, but it is clearly desirable to measure the length of the astronomical unit itself. If we can determine the absolute distance of any one planet, the problem can be solved; and since Eros was so close to us, and moreover appeared as a star-like point whose position was easy to fix, it assumed a new importance. Observations of it during 1931 enabled Sir Harold Spencer Jones to show that the astronomical unit was actually a little longer than had been previously thought.

Even when at its nearest Eros is far from prominent, and it seems to be non-spherical in shape. It is believed that it is roughly elliptical, fifteen miles long and four miles wide, spinning about its smaller axis. In the diagram it is shown compared in size with the Isle of Wight.

There are various other minor planets with orbits which bring them close to the Earth. Adonis, discovered by Delporte in 1936, approached us to within 1,500,000 miles, but this record was broken in the following year by Hermes, whose distance on October 30, 1937 was only 485,000 miles—one and a half times that of the Moon. When this was announced, some time later, there was a good deal of interest, and some of the newspaper headlines were sensational—because it was popularly believed that the Earth was in danger of being struck by a wandering body, and perhaps seriously damaged.

Fortunately there is little chance of any such thing, and there is certainly no need for alarm. It is true that Hermes, between one and two miles in diameter, would have caused widespread devastation if it had landed near an inhabited area, but cosmical collisions of such type are very few and far between.

Even more remarkable is Icarus, discovered by Baade in 1949. It is about the same size as Adonis and Hermes—perhaps slightly larger—but it is not to be classed as an 'earth-grazer', since it can never approach us to within 4,000,000 miles. Its interest lies in the fact that when at perihelion it is only 19,000,000 miles from the Sun, so that its distance is less than that of Mercury. At such times it must be fiercely heated indeed, but at aphelion it recedes well beyond the orbit of Mars. As well as being eccentric, the orbit is sharply inclined. Among other peculiar asteroids must be mentioned Hidalgo, which travels out almost as far as remote Saturn and which takes fourteen years to complete one journey; Amor, the largest of the 'earth-grazers'; and the Trojans, whose mean distances from the Sun are the same as that of Jupiter, so that they lie far beyond the main swarm.

How Were Asteroids Produced?

It is tempting to suppose that the asteroids were produced by the disruption of an old planet which formerly moved round the Sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. This theory was put forward a century and a half ago by Heinrich Olbers, one of the 'celestial police', and is still favoured by some authorities. Alternatively, it may be that the asteroids never formed a single body, and merely represent the debris left over when the main planets came into being. At the moment it is hard to decide one way or the other because we still know very little about the formation of any of the bodies in the solar system. The plausible and convenient theory that the planets were drawn out of the Sun by the action of a passing star has had to be abandoned, and it is more probable that the planets were formed from material collected by the Sun during its wanderings through space—in which case the 'debris' theory for asteroids may be regarded as rather the stronger of the two. It is also important to remember that the minor planets are by no means the only junior members of the solar system. There are also countless meteors, and there is probably no clear-cut distinction between a large meteor and a small asteroid; the object which landed in Siberia in 1908, causing devastation over a wide (and fortunately uninhabited) area might be placed in either category.

The owner of a small telescope will find little difficulty in examining the brightest of the asteroids; for instance, Ceres was well placed in the spring and summer of this year, when it lay not far from the third-magnitude star Beta Libræ. An asteroid looks exactly like a star, but careful checking over several nights will show that it is moving against the starry background and thus betraying its true nature.

It cannot be said that the minor planets are popular among astronomers, and they have even been termed 'vermin of the skies', since they cause complications with star-counting and similar work, while to keep a check on their orbits means a great deal of laborious and unrewarding calculation. However, they have an interest of their own, and they may well prove to be really significant in connexion with the origin of the solar system in which we live.—From 'The Sky at Night', presented in B.B.C. Television on June 10

Science, Philosophy and Religion is the subject of the twelfth Arthur Stanley Eddington Memorial Lecture by Sir Russell Brain, Bart., which is now published by the Cambridge University Press (4s. 6d.).

Achievement and Cost

The second of two talks* on American literature by GEORGE STEINER

THE European novel is the art of the housed and private man in the modern city. From Cervantes onward, it has been the mirror which the imagination, under the governance of reason, has held up to empirical reality. *Don Quixote* bids an ambiguous farewell to the world of epic and romance; *Robinson Crusoe* stakes out that of the modern novel. Like Defoe's castaway, the novelist in the classic European mode surrounds himself within a palisade of tangible facts: with Balzac's solid houses, with the smell of Dickens's puddings, with Flaubert's drug-counters and the inexhaustible inventories of Zola. Where he finds a footprint in the sand, the European novelist and his readers will conclude that Man Friday is about, not that it is a fairy spoor or, as in the Shakespearian world, 'The god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd'.

The main current of the European novel is prosaic, in the exact rather than the pejorative sense. Windmills are no longer giants but in exchange the novelist will tell us how they are built, what the miller earns and how the winches creak on a gusty night. The works of Defoe, Balzac, Dickens, Trollope, Flaubert, or Zola document our sense of the actual, material world. At times, they are first cousins to history.

Narrowing the Range

But in rejecting the mythical and the preternatural, all those matters undreamt of in Horatio's philosophy, the European novel deliberately narrowed its range. It has claimed for its own what we might call the kingdom of this world: human psychology rationally interpreted and human behaviour within the complex network of society. It bears on the middle portion of the spectrum of total experience: on either side are great depths and high altitudes. Foremost among them, the shadow-places of unreason and the domain of religious feeling. The treatment of religious themes in classic European fiction is either romantic, as in Anatole France's *Thaïs*, or social and political, as in Zola's *Rome*. There are exceptions: but *Madame Gervaisais*, by the Goncourts, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere* are distinctly unconvincing. If we leave aside the eccentricities of the Gothic, the European novel has been secular in outlook, rational in its psychology, and social in its context. It portrays the interrelations of men in society, 'never', said André Gide, 'nearly never, a man's relations to himself or to God'.

But it is precisely this descent into man's soul and his relations to God that constitute the refining quality of classic American literature. No less than Gogol, Tolstoy, or Dostoevsky, the great American writers are men whose genius has fallen into the hands of a living God or a very alive Devil. Where it is truly of the first order American literature is penetrated with metaphysical and religious values. The two arch-American poets, Emily Dickinson and Wallace Stevens, are metaphysicians both. The great novelists and tellers of tales—Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, James, Faulkner—are obsessed with the realities of the unconscious, with the problems of the soul when it is possessed by belief or prey to corruption. 'One has to be so terribly religious to be an artist', said D. H. Lawrence. Neither Stendhal nor Trollope would have agreed. But exactly the same conviction was held by nearly every major American writer.

Behind it lies the dominant and ever-recurring influence of the Calvinist past. Commenting on the deeply religious and anguished tone of Hawthorne's art, Melville declared that

this great power of blackness in him derives its force from its appeals to that Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin, from whose visitations in some shape or other, no deeply thinking mind is always and wholly free.

And what Melville means by Innate Depravity is not some social injustice subject to a Reform Bill or some dark quirk of physiological inheritance as in Zola; it is the direct consequence of Man's

Fall from Grace, a fall the more terrible for being repeated in the second garden of Eden, in America.

It is the religious and metaphysical tenor of the American novel that accounts for its particular techniques: for the predominance of allegory and symbolism. Hawthorne, who composed his finest work only nine years before *Madame Bovary*, did not look back to Balzac: his masters are Spenser and Bunyan. He prefers to call his narratives romances rather than novels, for we must look through their surface to see the inner diabolism and symbolic meaning. They are concerned far more with the clouds overhead, as he observed in his preface to *The House of the Seven Gables*, 'than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex'.

'The Poetry of Disorder'

From the time of Charles Brockden Brown to that of James's later novels and Faulkner's *The Fable*, American fiction has been committed to allegory. In the words of a recent critic, it embodies the poetry of disorder and does not have 'any close kinship with the massive, temperate, moralistic rendering of life and thought' which we find in the mainstream of the English novel.

Melville confided to Hawthorne that *Moby Dick* had been broiled 'in hell-fire', and surely there is no other novel in English (and for that matter in western literature) that we can match, with any assurance, against *The Idiot* or *The Brothers Karamazov*. Nearly everything that Melville wrote is emblematic of religious experience. His very image of the artist was that of a man bound by some cruel consecration to explore the final mysteries at the obvious risk of his own soul. The myth through which he conveyed this idea strikingly anticipates that of revelation in Rilke's *Elegies*: all elements of an artist's life and thought, said Melville, must

Fuse with Jacob's mystic heart
To wrestle with the angel—Art.

What is obvious, moreover, in the case of Hawthorne, Melville, or Emily Dickinson, is equally true, though in a more covert way, of the genius of Henry James. The outward mundanity of the master's life and his insistence on the technical, professional aspects of his craft, have concealed the great part of darkness and allegory in his works. Some recent American scholarship has seen in James's novels a consequent development of his father's Swedenborgian metaphysics and a parallel to William James's studies of religious experience. We need not go so far. But the fact does remain that Jamesian fiction is solidly rooted in the allegoric habits and spiritual climate of American Puritanism. Where James moves beyond the prevailing confines of European realism he does so precisely in the direction taken by Hawthorne, toward symbolism and the deeper psychology. And it is that, as T. S. Eliot noted, which 'separates these two novelists at once from the English contemporaries of either'.

Henry James and the Allegory

In the midst of James's extreme technical virtuosity lurk the old allegoric devices. The name of Christopher Newman in *The American* is a threefold allegory: Christopher Columbus returning to the old world, St. Christopher crossing the wide waters with his burden of salvation, and the New Man. Can one imagine Flaubert doing anything quite so transparent? In the later James the levels of allegory become more diverse and complex, but it is difficult to ignore their deliberate religious implications. The crowning instant in *The Altar of the Dead* is an epiphany: 'Then you could come?' exclaims the dying hero, 'God sent you!' And did He not, we sometimes wonder, also send Louis Lambert Strether on his embassy? The very name, as Quentin Anderson has acutely discerned, should alert our attention: *Louis*

(continued on page 176)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 22-28

Wednesday, July 22

Commons debate Central Africa

It is announced that a team of British scientists is designing a new atomic machine (to be known as Ice) for studying the problems of creating nuclear power from sea-water

The Metropolitan Police Commissioner reports that the number of crimes in London last year was the highest ever recorded

Thursday, July 23

The Devlin Commission publishes its report on the disturbances earlier this year in Nyasaland

The Committee of Enquiry into the deaths of detainees at Hola Camp, Kenya, finds charges against the superintendent proved

Vice-President Nixon of the United States arrives in Moscow for a ten-day visit

British Railways announce that they are to speed up their plans for modernization

Friday, July 24

An international body of lawyers (representing fifty nations) in a report published in Geneva, accuses China of systematically planning to destroy Tibet and appeals for an investigation by the United Nations

Twenty thousand French troops take part in a big offensive against Algerian rebels in the Kabylie mountains

Saturday, July 25

Both sides in the printing dispute are given details of Lord Birkett's suggested plan for a settlement

The Pool Promoters agree to pay the Football League and the Scottish League a minimum of £245,000 a year for the use of their fixtures

The motoring organizations report some of the worst holiday traffic congestion ever known, with queues in many areas seven miles long

Sunday, July 26

Lord Birkett says 'considerable progress' is being made at talks on printing dispute

Harvesting starts nearly a month earlier than usual in many parts of the country

Monday, July 27

Commons debate the report on the Hola detention camp, Kenya

Draft plan for the 'Outer Seven' free-trade area (including Britain) is published as a White Paper

Tuesday, July 28

Commons debate the Devlin Commission's Report on Nyasaland. The Government secures a majority of sixty-three votes

It is announced that there was more serious crime last year in England and Wales than ever before



Vice-President Richard Nixon of the United States photographed with Mr. Khrushchev during a dinner held at the residence of the American Ambassador to the Soviet Union in Moscow on July 2. Mr. Nixon, who is on a ten-day visit to Russia, opened an exhibition on the American way of life in Moscow the previous day



Commemorating the first crossing of the English Channel by the Royal Aero Club, speaking last night after his historic flight. A ceremony held at the club's headquarters



The winning design (by Messrs. Richard, Robson & Partners of London) in a competition for planning the new Churchill College, Cambridge. Twenty architects were invited to take part. Their designs will be on view at the Royal Institute of British Architects, London, from August 13



Peter, the talking budgerigar who last week won the 'Cage Word' contest, organized by B.B.C. 'Woman's Hour', with his owner, Mrs. Monica Westerman and trophy. A test phrase was 'Keep Britain tidy—take your litter home'





biplane in 1909: Lord Brabazon of Tara, President of the spot where Louis Blériot touched down at Dover was attended by Blériot's widow. (See also page 169)



An experimental crossing of the Channel, 1959: the Saunders-Roe Hovercraft arriving on Dover beach after its first trial crossing from Calais on July 25. Its manufacturers say that it should be possible to build a commercial vehicle on the same principle (the Hovercraft travels on a 'cushion' of air just above the water)



riding horse and rider at the International Horse Show at last week: Mr. Hugh Wiley of the United States on Nautical, the Manifesto Stakes, the King George V Cup, and the Daily Mail Cup



Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the opening night of the sixty-fifth season of the Promenade Concerts last Saturday. The soloist was Miss Norma Proctor, contralto. The concert was televised



Left: members of the British Alpine Hannibal Expedition, 1959, from Cambridge University, photographed on a road in France as they set out last week with Jumbo, an elephant from Turin Zoo, to try to determine the route through the Alps used by Hannibal when he invaded Italy more than 2,000 years ago

(continued from page 173)

Lambert, a story by Balzac whose protagonist falls victim to religious illumination. In so much of *The Ambassadors*, Biblical echoes and turns of speech run close beneath the stylistic surface. In the moment of final truth, Strether bursts out: 'Verily, verily . . .' and in the sudden quiet we are meant to hear the rest of the citation: 'I say unto you that unless your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and pharisees ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven', for what has Strether been, if not a Pharisee, righteous to the last?

'The Golden Bowl'

All of James's allegoric habits of mind are at work in *The Golden Bowl*. The golden bowl itself (like the earlier *Sacred Fount*) comes out of Zechariah, and the novel is a subtle, profuse answer to Blake's motto for *The Book of Thel*:

Can wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or love in a golden bowl?

The answer, of course, is No, and it is expounded for us in a setting archetypal of religious allegory and Calvinistic doubt: a rich garden, centred on a beauteous tree and inhabited by a man of innocence whose name is Adam. Beyond glitters the myriad fascination of London, and when we hear it referred to as a glittering Babylon, we are meant to hear the old cadences of Revelation, a book particularly cherished by the Puritan temper.

Biblical speech, religious motifs and the symbolic and allegoric devices which they bring with them, remain at the heart of contemporary American literature. When Jake kneels before a Catholic altar in *The Sun Also Rises* (a title out of Ecclesiastes) his action reflects precisely similar gestures in Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* and in James's *The American*. Time and again, American writers have seen in the confrontation between America and Europe an allegory of the more essential confrontation between Puritanism and the Roman Church. The tradition continues unbroken. It is beautifully defined in that most memorable of modern American poems, Wallace Stevens's 'Sunday Morning':

The day is like wide water, without sound,
Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet
Over the seas, to silent Palestine,
Dominion of the blood and sepulchre.

Without grasping this centrality of religious values, we cannot understand the achievements of American literature or its essential Americanness. At times, God is the arch-foe: Ahab baptizes his harpoon 'non in nomine patris, sed in nomine diaboli'. More often God is the principle of order and reconciliation in a new world, too raw and vast for man's possession. Walking home from church during that brief interlude of calm in *The Sound and the Fury*, Dilsey knows that she has seen 'de first en de last'; Alpha and Omega.

So have all the great American writers; but they have done so at a price. For if American literature, by virtue of its metaphysical character, has often attained depths of insight and intensities of tone matched only by the Russians, it has at the same time left significant areas of human experience unaccounted for. Most dramatically, it has not known how to portray love between men and women. The great American love stories engage relationships between men, between men and boys or, most

recently, between a man and a nymphet. As Marius Bewley puts it:

The great loves in American literature are between Ishmael and Queequeg, Natty and Chingachgook, Huck and Jim, even perhaps Gatsby and Nick Carraway.

Nowhere among the classics of American fiction do we find that poised and intelligent handling of sexual love which is the glory of Stendhal or Flaubert: nowhere that sense of slow ripening towards passion characteristic of Jane Austen. The American novel cannot match the mature view of sexual failure and resurrection implicit in the account of the two love-relationships in *David Copperfield*. It has no *Physiologie du Mariage*, no D. H. Lawrence. The young women in American fiction are like those fabled creatures in Hollywood films who wade through leech-infested jungles and come out with their golden 'permanent' intact. They neither age nor ripen. The portrayal of sexual love is either crudely monotonous (as if naming things made them more real!) or it is implausibly ethereal. Fitzgerald spoke of a world divided between the beautiful and the damned. The old or the imperfect have no place in it. The whole thing is rendered antiseptic and at the end it becomes faintly venomous, as in the sex-parables of Hawthorne or in *The Portrait of a Lady* and *The Wings of the Dove*.

Masculine Settings

It is in settings wholly masculine that the American writer is most at ease: on the whaling-ship 'Pequod', where there are no women (yet Melville would have us know that the vessel embodies the world); in the great woods among the hunters and Indian-fighters. Henry James composed a fable of Utopia, *The Great Good Place*. What does it turn out to be? A kind of club where ladies are not admitted. The heroine in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has been shorn of her hair; she wears men's clothes and is called 'little rabbit'. She is a mascot for the male warrior. Why should this be? Why should American literature fail in its rendition of what is, after all, the vital centre of human affairs?

Certain critics have suggested that there is concealed in the American temper a wide-ranging homosexuality. They have argued that in American fiction, as in the account of the narrator's relations with Albertine, there is a fundamental duplicity. Ishmael's so-called 'marriage' with the dark harpooner or Huck's passionate fondness for Jim would come as near as American writers dare to the real truth. The evidence on this matter is impressive and, in the case of Walt Whitman, quite plain. But other explanations lie nearer to hand.

In a pioneer society, women are often excess baggage. Fenimore Cooper's scouts and noble redskins treat them with pained courtesy, like a fragile dish packed by error into a mess-kit. When the stage-coach is being attacked by Blackfoot marauders, dear Lucy is undeniably in the way. All she can do is huddle beneath the seat while the men blaze away with their six-chambered guns. As has been frequently noted, an authentic western can be recognized by the fact that the hero kisses the horse and not the woman. Indeed, in the purest examples of the genre, he will, like Lohengrin, vanish into the sunset leaving the woman behind at the gate of the rescued homestead.

But behind the deep embarrassment with

which the American literary tradition handles love between the sexes, there lies a more ancient and radical dilemma: that of *Paradise Lost* again. To the Puritans and their descendants America was the promised land, the new Eden in which man was given a second chance to establish a just kingdom. Into this second Garden woman brought the seed of corruption and death. In the world of Poe she is the lamia, the beauteous destroyer of men's souls. In Hawthorne she is the mysterious vessel of original sin. Where love is most passionate in Poe and Melville it carries hints of incest as in some ancient, Adamic society. Even on the lowest level of literary expression, in the pulp novels of Mickey Spillane, women are the instruments of ruin. The detective remains virile and courageous only so long as he does not yield to the blandishments of love. Hence the substitution of sadism for normal erotic desire in so much of contemporary American writing. From *The Scarlet Letter* to Nabokov's *Lolita*, American literature has associated sexual commitment with the fall of man. The mythology of Puritanism has remained in force.

The second main failure of American literature seems to me to lie in its inability to handle the life of politics (politics being understood here in its fullest sense). The detailed, concrete realization of political processes and the manner in which they shape individual lives is one of the principal achievements of European fiction, of Balzac, Stendhal, George Eliot, Trollope, or Zola. American literature has no real counterpart to *The Charterhouse of Parma* and to *Middlemarch*. It has one or two examples of political conflict, but in each case the situation is extreme or larger than life (*The Octopus*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and *All The King's Men* seize precisely on those limited situations in which politics end and private or mass violence begins). The classic American novel deals with individuals round whom the manifold circumstances of society and political ideology have not yet thrown their complex net.

Simplicity and Starkness

Part of the reason for this, no doubt, may be found in the relative simplicity and starkness of early American society. One recalls Henry James's famous lament:

No state, in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service . . . no political society . . .

Subsequent history has made up for some of these deprivations, but it is still true to say that the particular character of American politics has not found adequate reflection in American literature (and this despite earlier celebrated attempts by Henry Adams and Mark Twain). The period of McCarthyism was a case in point. Only one novel of any merit and one play sought to grapple with the dominant political and human drama of the moment. In the face of McCarthyism the American community of letters revealed its essential isolation and lack of political insight.

It is to these two failures, in the sexual and in the political domains, that one may, perhaps, attribute the comparative weakness of American drama. For drama is that literary form which, above all others, demands a complete vision of man as a social and committed being.

It will be objected that there is an American realistic tradition which has dealt both with heterosexual love and with social problems, and that it includes writers whom I have totally neglected in these two talks. What of Howells, Norris, Dreiser, Dos Passos, and Steinbeck? This objection is historically valid. But on grounds of inherent quality it will not hold. One must have the arrogance or the courage to say that these writers are not of the first, or even the second rank. The important point is precisely the fact that American literature has been weakest where it has most closely rivalled the European masters. There is no use talking of the *Rise of Silas Lapham* when one knows *César Biotteau*, and it is a breach of common sense to set *Jenny Gebhart* next to a novel by the Goncourts.

The true masters of American literature, those in whose work the notion of Americanness is meaningful and definable, are not paltry imitators of European naturalism or rhapsodic journalists. They are the eccentrics, the metaphysicians, the devil-possessed who created *Gordon Pym* and *Ahab* and *Benjy*. And because they have worked in partial isolation and in a provincial atmosphere, their taste is often insecure and their sense of proportion grossly at fault. In Hawthorne's prose, high finish sometimes degenerates into mere prettiness. Only rarely did Melville manage to control the wild thrust of his eloquence. Thomas Wolfe literally drowns in a sea of words and Faulkner's rhetoric can be that of a backwoods preacher who has never been blessed with a literate audience. Even

where American literature is most truly disciplined, it lacks that assuredness of touch which comes with a classical inheritance and a critical milieu. Ezra Pound is right in saying that Henry James would have been less vulnerable to trivia if he had had in his bones the knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. And though Hemingway's cool mastery of style does, on occasion, rival Flaubert's, his sentimentality, the soft centre of his toughness, is that of a provincial adolescent.

But no matter. The price has been worth paying. The principal American poets and the classic American novelists have produced works which belong in the first rank of world literature whilst remaining uniquely American. And that is no mean achievement.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Trade Unions and Public Opinion

Sir,—The first book that I bought as an adult was Sidney Webb's *History of Trade Unionism*. That shows interest and sympathy, which I have never lost. But I am worried, and Mr. George Woodcock (THE LISTENER, July 23) has not dealt with my main worries. These are:

- (1) Why should the unions affiliate with one political party? American unions are as powerful as ours without giving support to any one party.
- (2) Are not the unions now strong enough voluntarily to accept membership on a 'contracting in' basis for their political fund? The present 'contracting out' freedom of their members reminds me of the freedom possessed by Germans under Hitler to vote 'Nein' in general elections.

I wish Mr. Woodcock would answer these important questions.

Yours, etc.,

Petworth

CLAUD MULLINS

Sir,—I refer to the talk printed in THE LISTENER by Mr. George Woodcock regarding 'Trade Unions and Public Opinion', and in particular to his remarks regarding the 'closed shop'.

That a union should have the power to decide whether or not a man should be allowed to obtain work is surely intolerable in any free society. Even if one is in favour of the principle of the closed shop then it must be conceded that the individual trade-union member should be given a greater measure of freedom than he has at present. As the law stands a trade union may make any rules it wishes, and a member of the union can be debarred for any reason whatsoever, so long as the union rules, which can be as vague as possible, are broken. The constitution of a union should be controlled in a similar way to that in which a limited liability company's is. It should be practically impossible for a person to be prevented from joining his union. Also no trade union should be affiliated to any political party.

Subject to the above requirements and depending, of course, on the provisions of the 'constitution', I would agree that there is a case for the closed shop. Personally, though, I do not

feel that the case would, in any circumstances, be sufficient to offset the serious restrictions on the freedom of the individual inherent in the idea of the closed shop.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

A. N. HUMPHREY

Sir,—I suggest that Mr. George Woodcock, whose talk on the above subject is published in THE LISTENER of July 23, has completely missed the two main reasons for the hardening of public opinion against the trade unions.

In my opinion, formed after many conversations with unionists and non-unionists, they are (a) the identification of the trade-union movement with one particular political party despite the fact that large numbers of its members have no allegiance to that party, and (b) the block vote which permits (for example) Mr. Cousins to swing 1,000,000 votes behind a political issue when the fact might be that 499,999 of his 1,000,000 members voted against it.

As for Mr. Woodcock's apparent preference for trade unionism as opposed to state intervention; if that is in line with T.U.C. policy, how can they back, politically, the party which is dedicated to state intervention?—Yours, etc.,

Benson

D. H. EDWARDS

Vanishing Aborigines

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Ralling, in his talk on the Australian aborigines (THE LISTENER, July 16), poses the question of their possible extinction. The answer can, of course, be found in the same talk.

Though Mr. Ralling passes over the manifestations of the old settlers' hatred of the aborigines (wholesale slaughter, laying of poisoned meat, and so on) he does show that in their frantic attempts at assimilation modern Australians are trying to atone for the atrocities committed just over 100 years ago. So far they appear to have had little success.

The trouble is they are approaching the problem from the wrong angle. It was not the settlers' active hatred which harmed the aborigines so much as the gradual 'civilizing' with its attendant discontent, drifting to the cities and the introduction of new diseases against which the blackfellow had no defence.

The Australian Government should now try a complete reversal of their policy, give the aborigines their reserves and leave them to it. No missions, no stores, no hospitals or schools. No white man allowed to enter. They will remain primitive, illiterate, disease-ridden, and happy—but they will remain. What Australians are doing now is what Cortez did, only a little subtly.

Yours, etc.,

Carshalton Beeches

ROGER CLEEVE

Most Accomplished Poet?

Sir,—Different words surely mean different things. And when I remarked—stating my own opinion, by the way—that 'Mr. Pound . . . is the most accomplished poet of the century', I had no reason to expect that Mr. Ernie Bradford, or anyone else, would up and interpret this as meaning 'greatest'. Nor do I see why I should 'maintain' the view of the *Cantos* which he claims for me, when these were never mentioned.

In the context I gave it, I can only see the term 'accomplished' as referring to talent, craftsmanship. It would be as much beside the point to apply it to Blake or Yeats (neither of them very dexterous or versatile craftsmen) as to the architects of Stonehenge. It seems to me there has to be the same distinction between 'accomplishment' and 'greatness' as between 'talent' and 'genius'. The qualities are neither complementary nor opposite. Sometimes a poet of genius has had to make do with very little talent. In fact the relationship between the two qualities varies infinitely, from one poet to the next.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

DAVID PAUL

Sir,—It is conceivable that some religions had their origin in a piece of harmless leg-pulling on the part of their founder, who, discovering that he was taken seriously by the faith-hungry, decided to follow suit to avoid being crucified as an infidel. This surely is a charitable explanation of the rise of the Pound Religion.

Chinese is probably the most allusive of all languages, for the writer could assume that his reader knew the canonical books and much of the traditional literature by heart. Thus two or three selected characters would evoke a long

passage. Moreover, the rules for the antithetical composition so common in Chinese were strictly adhered to and depended on the fact that, in the words of Dr. W. A. P. Martin:

The characters are endowed with a sort of mysterious polarity which controls their collocation and renders them incapable of companionship except with certain characters, the choice of which seems altogether arbitrary. In this, as in other things among the Chinese, usage has become law.

An examination of the Chinese characters used by Mr. Pound reveals that the above principles are entirely ignored. If a Chinese literary echo is awakened it is purely accidental. His 'Chinese', in fact, is of a kind that might be concocted by anyone possessed of an English-Chinese dictionary and the ability to copy the ideographs sufficiently accurately to indicate to the printer the ones intended. The recent *Canto 98* (privately printed and circulated by the author in Italy), containing a hundred or so

Chinese characters arbitrarily introduced, is a case in point.

The 'stuck-on' scholarship of a well-known disciple of Mr. Pound's has been described by Mr. Robert Graves as *collage*; *il miglior fabbro*, however, disdains the use of the furtive gum-brush and fires his scholarship into his text with a shot-gun. The question is where does the target-spraying end and the poetry begin?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

VICTOR PURCELL

The Prince of Oyster Bay

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL on Jack London

HE was fifteen. He had left school two years before because there was no money to continue. His mother was no real mother to him, she was too busy summoning up the spirits with the neighbours round at seances and thinking of money-making schemes which always went wrong because the spirits gave the wrong advice. The man who was like a father to him, John London, was not his real father; though who his real father was he could not find out.

For two years after leaving school he had been a dutiful son, at first delivering newspapers and earning money cleaning out saloons and waiting on the bowling alleys; then later working in the cannery, ten cents an hour, in the high season working sometimes twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day. And he looked across at the Golden Gate and said to himself: 'Oakland is a good place to get away from'. He got away in the books he read from the free library, *Typee* and the voyages that led across the horizon to the lands beyond the horizon. And he got away in the little boat he bought when he was thirteen for a couple of dollars, and then later in a better boat he went fishing for rock cod off Goat Island, beating the Bay in high weather the old salts refused to believe he could sail in.

Now, at fifteen, he had thrown over the respectable life and with money borrowed from his old Negro foster mother, Mammy Jenny, he had bought the sloop *Razzle-Dazzle* from French Frank, the oyster pirate. There was no money to be made in the cannery, ten cents an hour, ten hours a day. But raiding the oyster beds at night, selling to the saloons, he could make as much in a night as he made in three weeks at the cannery. And it was adventure, romance, a training for what lay beyond the Golden Gate.

He was, I have said, fifteen; and he thought that all he bought from French Frank was the *Razzle-Dazzle*. But French Frank had a girl called Mamie who was nicknamed the Queen of the Oyster Pirates. French Frank, who was fifty, wanted to marry her. But Mamie took one look at this wildly handsome, lusty young boy who was fifteen; and she went with the *Razzle-Dazzle*.

Jack London was very strong and very good-looking and determined to stand up to the men he found himself with. The one he most admired was a reckless maniac of twenty called Young



Jack London (1876-1916)

Scratch Nelson, who when drunk was capable of appalling violence; but Jack admired him because he was a sailor of astonishing skill and daring. One morning, passing by the Last Chance saloon, Jack was hailed by the object of his worship and asked to have a drink. Jack hated drink—but he adored Nelson and he went into the saloon. He took a schooner of beer with Nelson and tried to draw him out about sailing. The beer finished, Nelson waited and then ordered him another and another and another. Jack was fascinated by his hero and appalled by his extravagance, because each round represented one hour's work in a cannery. After six, he said that he had to go back to the *Razzle-Dazzle*, anchored nearby.

But he did not go back. He sat down on the wharf and puzzled out why his hero had spent on him the equivalent of six hours' work in the cannery. As he sat on the wharf in the sunshine with six beers under his belt, he suddenly realized that his hero Young Scratch Nelson had stood him six drinks because he wondered how many drinks he had to stand before Jack stood one back. 'I could feel myself blushing with shame', he wrote twenty years later. 'I buried my face in my hands. And the heart of

my shame burned up my neck and into my cheeks and forehead. I have blushed many times in my life, but never have I experienced so terrible a blush as that one'.

He went back to the Last Chance. Young Nelson was standing outside. 'Come on and have a beer', he said. They went back in, and this time it was Jack who stood treat, knocking back the beer which he hated. He had 'achieved a concept'. Money no longer counted. It was comradeship that counted.

This episode Jack London recorded in *John Barleycorn* as very significant in his alcoholic history. He saw himself as someone who was drawn to comradeship and frustrated by the fact that the comradeship he really enjoyed was always associated with alcohol. 'I was deciding', he wrote, 'between money and men, between niggardliness and romance'.

There was of course no reason for him to pose this as a dilemma, either niggardliness or prodigality; no logical reason. But it was his nature always to go to the extreme—in his own words 'to outdo the other chap in his own game'.

Having started on this fifteen-year-old drinking, he tried to prove to his comrades that if they drank, he could drink even more. He was nicknamed Prince of the Oyster Pirates, not for his daring but for his drinking and standing treat. Luckily his physique was superb and his constitution strong. Even so, within a year, after three weeks of continued drinking at Benicia, he fell paralytically drunk into the water in the Carquinez Straits, and making no effort to save himself decided to 'go out upon the tide'. He had been in the water over four hours before he sobered up and managed to reach a fishing boat returning to harbour.

Death had an extraordinary attraction for him; placing his life in danger gave an edge to living. One might say this was because he belonged to the post-pioneer generation. Certainly London himself, as a maturely thinking man, considered this pioneering instinct as something surviving in himself and his contemporaries. It is very strong as a theme in *The Valley of the Moon*, his last considered novel. But all the same much of this may have been a rationalization of this very special desire of his to outdo everyone in his own particular sphere; the urge for excellence. And because the men he admired were courageous, and largely

daring, this meant a frequent skirmishing with death.

I do not want to make this sound morbid. Jack London had a pride in doing everything well; even working in the laundry of the Belmont Academy, learning to wash and iron and starch quicker, better, with greater economy of movement; the details of farming which he learnt from his foster-father John London, the ingenuity of sowing radishes and carrots together, thinning out the slow-growing carrots by harvesting the quick-growing radishes. Anything that was skill or knack—slapping the tenderloin steak into a hot, ungreased pan, for example—fascinated him.

Violence, Death and Killing

There was something morbid all the same about his concern with violence and death and killing. No writer of fiction killed more people in his pages than Jack London. In his short story 'Yah! Yah! Yah!', which is his record, he killed 7,000 people in 7,000 words. But the mortality in all his books is terrific; and so picturesque. Of Young Scratch Nelson, the boyhood hero whom I mentioned, he wrote: 'When he was shot in Benicia, a couple of years later, the coroner said he was the greatest-shouldered man he had ever seen laid on a slab'. Does a phrase like that toll a bell for you? Everyone is so concerned with tracing the influence of Gertrude Stein on Ernest Hemingway as a sort of literary aunt, that Jack London is forgotten as Hemingway's literary uncle: Hemingway is the second generation of the pioneers with no country to open up.

Of course Jack London was not the genuine pioneer. He had already seen the appalling results of the early pioneering. He went in search of the lost epic virtues of America, the continuation at the close of the nineteenth century of that lust for adventure which he traced in his own veins back to the Vikings whom he was sure were his ancestors—perhaps with justification. So when he was frozen in for a winter seventy miles from Klondike, with a motley of men all drawn by the lure of gold, the dominant subject of conversation was the breakdown of the capitalist system and the inevitability of socialism.

I am not impugning Jack London's socialism if I say that it was interwoven with a number of entirely contradictory threads. Karl Marx, Herbert Spencer, and Darwin were all mixed up with Rudyard Kipling, Herman Melville, Stevenson, Conrad, H. G. Wells, and even, towards the end of his life, with Havelock Ellis and Sigmund Freud.

His heredity was strange. His mother was a Miss Flora Wellman, daughter of a comparatively rich Ohian engineer and inventor. Clever and herself inventive, Flora was neurotic and unstable. As a result of typhoid at the age of twenty she lost so much hair that she wore a wig for the rest of her life. She had to wear spectacles; and perhaps to counterbalance this and the fact that she had no vision of God she developed psychic powers.

She ran away from home at the age of twenty-five and never communicated with her family again. She went to live with an astrologer of Irish extraction, who called himself 'Professor' Chaney for business reasons and when not casting horoscopes wrote about socialism and the economic and political ills of the world, for a

strange magazine called, paradoxically, *Common Sense*. They never married and when Jack was one month in her womb, Flora either pretended to shoot herself or really tried and failed, as she subsequently failed with all her bright ideas. Professor Chaney was run out of San Francisco and shortly after Jack was born Flora married a widower named John London. The idea was that she would look after his children, but in fact his children, especially the elder daughter, Eliza, looked after Jack.

His illegitimacy, to which he came gradually but from an early age, was an important thread in the warp of his character. His father was unknown. So Jack was nobody. Or alternatively he was anybody. His illegitimacy made him in a strange way a premature citizen of the classless society of the future. One of the books that most influenced him as a boy was Ouida's novel, *Signa*, about the illegitimate son of an Italian peasant girl and a vagabond artist who rose from poverty to become a great musician. If he had really known his parentage, Jack London would have been fixed. As it was, he became the Prince of the Oyster Bay and later the Boy Socialist, and finally the Prince of Story-tellers, a wonderful alternation of roles.

Add to heredity the oddities of environment, the steady constructive husbandry of his foster-father, John London, with his lessons of rebuilding the heart of the soil which had been weakened by the greed of the snatch-crop farmers; his mother's clever, febrile schemes for making money quickly, always more quickly than she had the money to finance; the generosity of his foster-mother, Mammy Jenny, who came to his aid without question when she had money and Jack was in need; and the steady, practical love of his step-sister Eliza, who with Mammy Jenny gave him the care and affection which his neurotic, spiritualist mother was too busy to give.

Rebellion and Devotion

His writing began as a means of breaking away from the slavery of unskilled labour and the danger of illegal oyster-piracy. But it was also a vocation, in devotion to which he spent longer hours for less money to begin with than he did in the cannery or the jute-mill or the laundry. It was also the means of his rising socially from the poverty of the Oakland slums to the wealth whose opportunities he admired as much as he despised its abuses. In his thirties he described himself as in search of the boyhood he had never had; and he bought it as an adult as carelessly as he bought Young Scratch Nelson beers in the Last Chance saloon.

This is the strange thing: that situation of the boy on the quayside, with a family pinched for bare subsistence yet flinging his money away like dirt, was repeated over and over and over again. And as Jack London earned more and more, so, to keep the sharp bite of poverty at his heels, he had to spend more and even more; and there was always a reason, because, poor bastard among men, he had to be a prince. The sufferings of others could not be denied, the strikers victimized and being railroaded, the ex-lag out of gaol begging for a new start, the widow of a comrade begging fifteen dollars or fifty for doctor's expenses. As he grew more and more famous, the circle became wider, while the old dependents clung like leeches. His mother, his first wife fighting for her two

children, his second wife, her aunt, her uncle, her aunt's partner, his friends. Only Mammy Jenny and his step-sister Eliza remained true friends.

Jack London was not 'a pure artist'; he learnt the art of story-telling when he was a 'bum' on the road and knocked at the door and then pitched the tale best calculated to get him a square meal and a quarter to help him on his way. But at his best he was a wonderful story-teller, as fresh as D. H. Lawrence, as sensitive and as crude; the one great natural genius of American literature in this century, and the most fertile influence.

Just as Rupert Brooke was the symbol in England of a generation fighting in the first world war, so Jack London was the symbol right through the world of the emergent twentieth-century man, romantic, tough, courageous, ranging the continents of the earth, the freeman of all classes—and yet the champion of the underdog: a Robin Hood of letters, the man who put heart back into the exploited earth and hope into the hearts of the exploited workers. In those early years of the century, phrases like the New Age, the New Dawn were as fresh as lettuce straight from the garden. And Jack London and his lusty, blond, beastly heroes were in the vanguard, waving the Red Flag of Revolution and selling short stories to *The Saturday Evening Post* at \$1,000 a time.

What made him was what smashed him. He was convinced that he could stand up like a pugilist to the violent slugging of American capitalism at the beginning of this century and beat it. He was prepared to die on the barricades.

But he was not prepared for the strain of earning nearly \$1,000,000 in twenty years and earning the money to preserve the balance between affluence and penury as precariously as in his childhood. That creative flow of experience began to give out; and then his belief in other people gave out, as he saw that he had surrounded himself not with 'gay comrades' but with bloodsuckers; and then his belief in love gave out as he saw his second wife, Charmian Kittredge, not just as she had become but as she had always been, a boring, unattractive, self-regarding child who had never grown up. Finally, his kidneys gave up and his body swelled and became monstrous to him; and to him the body was important because he did not believe in his soul. So he took an overdose of morphine and killed himself.

Initiator of Prohibition

When he was attacked by fellow-socialists for his unorthodox views of the class struggle, he said: 'I think I may have hastened the triumph of socialism by ten minutes'. What he certainly did, with his alcoholic autobiography *John Barleycorn*, was to inaugurate the Prohibition Laws which killed more Americans through alcoholic poisoning than Jack London himself killed in his gory fiction, and established a gangster system even more terrible than the capitalism against which he fought in his lifetime. But against this legacy of anti-socialism must be placed *The Call of the Wild*, *Martin Eden*, *The Valley of the Moon*, and a large number of short stories.

Whether the world is better for his living is a matter of opinion, but it is certainly different.

—Third Programme

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

At this time of year, which is not thought to be good for one-man shows, there are always summer exhibitions in some of the principal dealers' galleries; they are mixed collections which serve all manner of purposes from trying out a young artist and seeing what his work looks like on the wall to disposing of extremely valuable pictures. To the visitor they are almost always entertaining, for one never knows what to expect and there is always a chance of discovering a new talent.

This year the Redfern Gallery seems to have concentrated on well-known names and expensive pictures, such as a de Stael at £13,000 or a Vieira da Silvas at round about £1,000. The critic is not, of course, expected to interest himself in prices but if possible to flick disdainfully at canvases worth thousands while discoursing at length on works that may have no definite value at all. This is dignified, no doubt, but it means overlooking some matters of interest since the prices of modern pictures do at any rate have some relation to the sociology of art. One may suspect elaborate manoeuvres by the dealers, which might mean that price was scarcely related to merit and so should properly be ignored. But it seems unlikely that dealers can expect to have completely gullible customers on whom to impose their arbitrary will; more probably they are exploiting the competitive instincts of a small and international group of collectors who have their standards but all want much the same thing.

The de Stael, of course, has merit. It is a standing nude, highly simplified and with nothing very definite about the features or anatomy, probably a rather late work but not completely in the artist's latest style. The reds and blues make a formidable impact, the handling has great assurance, and there is a firm grasp of the essential structure of the forms. But surely it is impossible to decide, so early in the day—de Stael was only born in 1914 and died in 1955—that the picture is the obvious masterpiece that its price would suggest? It is, after all, quite likely that a good number of works of about the same period have about as much merit though far less refulgent names are attached to them.

This, it would seem, is where the operations

of the modern art market and its resemblance to the stock market is apt to confuse standards. Too much is at stake to permit any reasonable degree of hesitation or any long consideration of the work of a considerable number of artists. In order that there may be the nice steady rise

a whole this exhibition is of unusual interest; it includes significant works by Filippo de Pisis, Max Ernst, Gleizes, Jawlensky, Soutine, and many others.

The Leicester Galleries' exhibition 'Artists of Fame and Promise' makes a quieter impression, mainly because there is a larger proportion of English works; it is a complete miscellany which encourages no generalizations. Henry Inlander's 'The Burning Bush' is one of the most romantic of his impressionist, Turner-like, nearly abstract compositions. Ceri Richards's 'The Sea Break', which is also all but abstract, is certainly an original invention. Two polite, modest, and carefully worked paintings by Pierre Havret have much charm. Anthony Fry's 'Dancing Figures' is an ambitious figure composition which may look rough and unpremeditated at first sight but on closer inspection seems to have been thoughtfully planned. There is an early and attractive landscape by Van Dongen, a particularly unconciliatory still life by Mark Gertler, an early and extremely pretty work by Ben Nicholson, a still life with a stag which seems to have got loose in the centre, and, among the



'Still Life 1930', by Ben Nicholson: from the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

from the thousands to the tens of thousands that both dealers and collectors so much appreciate it is necessary that there should be a few modern artists whose work commands very high prices rather than many at a moderate price. It is necessary that collectors should go for the right names and ignore all else, for with too many possible alternatives there might be endless fluctuations or even, which would be financially even more unfortunate, some stability. And so in the end, since fame goes with money, we may all be misled.

Soulages is another artist whose work seems likely to appeal to what one may perhaps call, without really meaning anything unpleasant, the ring. He is represented at the Redfern Gallery by three paintings, one of which, 'Peinture 1958; brun et noir', is a work of considerable size and some importance. It is markedly expressionist, both the colour and the sharply pointed forms, which look as if they were in the act of falling from a great height, being obviously designed to suggest violence and disaster, the equivalent in this world of abstraction of Henry Martin's laboriously constructed catastrophes. As

watercolours, a ravishing landscape drawing, 'Chagford Churchyard', by Sickert, and a large and recent watercolour by Eduard Pignon.

The Lefevre Gallery has an exhibition of modern French and English paintings which includes two large flower paintings by Edward Burra, a scrupulously executed still life by James Taylor, rather preposterous but decorative arrangements of comical little figures by Raymond Doan-Vinh, and landscapes of some subtlety by Jean Commère.

Zwemmer's Gallery has an exhibition of prints in various mediums; these range from Edward Ardizzone's amusing conceit, 'The Last Stand of the Spoons', to Edward Middleditch's very large woodcut, 'Sun and Roses', printed in subdued reds, a romantic and perhaps even poetic design.

Kit Barker's recent paintings at the Waddington Galleries are in the usual style and technique of action painting but there is a suggestion of the vague presence of landscape or townscape in some of his designs, which may well be an advantage.

Access to the Records

By PETER FLEMING

THE truth is a fascinating and elusive quarry. The truth about an event—about a battle, for instance—is to be found in three main sources: in the memories of those who took part in it, in the private letters and diaries which they wrote at the time, and in the official documents, the plans and orders and so forth on the basis of which the battle was conducted by both sides.

Of these three sources the first is the least reliable: people forget things that did happen and remember things that did not. But for all that, the memories of men who took part in an event sometimes produce clues of the greatest value to an historian, clues which are not to be found in the documents and which throw a new and revealing light on their contents. A document records, say, an order given by a divisional commander. The event proved that this order was a disastrous mistake, or, alternatively, a stroke of genius. Only the man who gave the order knows why he gave it—only he can remember the false alarm, the garbled message, the wireless failure in the light of which it seemed the only possible order to give.

Embargo of Fifty Years

It follows that the verdict of history is most likely to be just if it is based on a scrutiny not merely of the written evidence but of eye-witnesses' evidence as well. In this country, however, nobody except government servants and official historians is allowed to see official documents until they are fifty years old, by which time the actors in the dramas they record are dead. In my view this embargo is a pity.

I do not for a moment suggest that everybody ought to have the right of unrestricted access to national archives dealing with the recent past. That would be absurd. Nor do I want to belittle the admirable work done by, for instance, the official historians of the last war, who can, and I believe often do, consult the memories of men who played leading parts in the events they chronicle. But official histories are official histories. Each volume covers a wide field. Each, inevitably, includes a good deal of ancillary material which hardly anybody wants to read, and each has to condense or even omit accounts of actions or incidents which, though of secondary importance, are often of fascinating interest.

I do not think that any official historian, writing only a few years after the events he describes, would claim that he has said the last word on his subject; and it seems to me regrettable that the unique sources he has used—the British, allied, and captured enemy documents—should, when he has finished with them, be put back into cold storage until they are fifty years old.

Most of the arguments I have heard in Whitehall against any modification of the present system are based on 'the thin end of the wedge', and I am bound to admit there is a

good deal in them. But before I summarize them, let me try to establish what an official document is. In the absence of any precise definition—or at least any definition known to me—perhaps I can illustrate from my own experience what an official, and therefore inaccessible, document can be.

A few years ago I was writing a book (a serious book) about the German plans for invading England in 1940. Hitler's D-day was finally fixed for somewhere in the third week of September. It seemed to me of interest to establish what sort of weather he would have faced during the first phase of his operation if he had not cancelled it: because the weather was pretty well a controlling factor in the whole affair.

During the war no weather forecasts were published or broadcast here; if they had been the German Air Force would have been the chief beneficiaries. But I assumed that the Air Ministry had what I wanted in their meteorological files, and I was right. But these files were still classified as secret, or possibly 'confidential', and it was only by the exercise of patience and diplomacy that I succeeded in finding out what the weather was like in south-east England when something had not happened there nearly two decades ago. I suppose that, strictly speaking, my success in this quest involved a breach of the regulations.

Security, a favourite bogey of the bureaucrats, is often invoked when these regulations are called into question; but this, as far as the last war is concerned, is by now an excuse so threadbare as to be transparent. There may be secrets which really do still need to be kept, and which have not been let out of the bag by the Americans, who are much more liberal in these matters. But there cannot be many such secrets, and their existence hardly justifies a policy of putting *all* official documents out of bounds to the serious student.

Public Record Office

Once a document is so old that he himself can have no first-hand knowledge of the events with which it deals, or the atmosphere in which they took place, any member of the public can study it in that excellent institution, the Public Record Office. Access on so generous a scale could not possibly be granted to more modern archives, and to some of them it should not be granted at all; but I really do not see why what I have called the serious student should be totally debarred from access to sources dealing with events which, since he lived through them and perhaps took part in them, he must be in some ways better qualified to interpret than a member of the next generation. I must make it clear that I see no serious difficulty in identifying the serious student. It would be done by a selection board, and aspirants would be required to submit outlines of their projected works, furnish suitable sponsors, and if necessary pay a fee or subscription. I cannot see any-

thing wrong in principle with a scheme on these lines.

The Cabinet Office is the main custodian of archives dealing with the last war; the official historians work in one of its annexes. But most Ministries also have their own records, and even half a dozen licensed research-workers would, I imagine, create administrative problems in Whitehall which are at present insoluble.

Secretive Bureaucrats

What is the answer? I do not know. An element of secretiveness is inculcated in all bureaucrats; and although it is right that this should be so I doubt if it qualifies a bureaucracy to be for half a century, as ours is, the sole custodian of historical truth. In London, though not in all other capitals, access to contemporary records is governed by an attitude, or an outlook, based largely on precedent, informed by extreme caution, and buttressed by the administrative difficulties involved in its modification. It ought to be governed by a policy; and any government which appointed a small, sensible, inexpensive Royal Commission to enquire into the existing system and to suggest, if possible, a less obscurantist alternative, would earn the gratitude of many reputable writers. It would also, which is more important, serve the cause of ultimate truth.—*Network Three*

Listener to Singer

Say for me,
You who have words and music,
What my silence would say,
What my time running away
Says to itself when it says nothing to me,
Say this for me.

Answer the risen
Day and the brooks that go free
From their winter prison,
And the return of the frost
And of night, the house of the lost,
They must not be
Unanswered, answer them for me.

And the word I would have said
If I had been prepared
When the moment came
And if I had dared
And had not been the same
As I am and must be—
Say that for me.

And say for us all
This thing behind our speech
Too deep for us to reach,
Release it, give us our own,
That first lost truth which is gone
Almost beyond recall,
Say this for us all.

HAL SUMMERS

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Anglo-American Connexion in the Early Nineteenth Century
By Frank Thistlethwaite. Oxford, for Pennsylvania University Press. 36s.

Reviewed by H. G. NICHOLAS

FOUR YEARS AGO, in a most suggestive chapter in *The Great Experiment*, Frank Thistlethwaite explored, amongst other themes, what he called The Atlantic Outlook, 1790-1850. His topic was the role of the Anglo-American partnership, economic, social and intellectual, in the development of the U.S.A. in those years. Now in *The Anglo-American Connexion* he has pushed his explorations further, amplified the details, sharpened the analysis and shifted the focus to permit himself a comprehensive mid-Atlantic view, doing equal justice to the operation of things English on the U.S.A. and vice versa.

The familiarity of the theme should not lead anyone to suppose that Mr. Thistlethwaite's book is a re-hashing of historical platitudes about Anglo-American relations of a century ago. On the contrary, it is in the first place a gathering together of neglected strands of Anglo-American intercourse, in the second place it has new discoveries to announce in this deceptively charted field, and finally it presents a very acute analysis of the way in which these multiple strands do (or do not) weave together to form a whole. The result, so far from being a retelling of an oft-told tale, is a revelation of the richness, piquancy and organic unity of the transatlantic connexions of the age. In half a dozen closely packed chapters Mr. Thistlethwaite makes good his claim that there was, especially between 1830 and 1860, a real Atlantic community; at the same time, in proving his case, he opens up all sorts of channels for further speculation and discovery. This is a richly stored book.

It opens with an impressive demonstration, based in large part on the author's own researches, of the interdependence of the British and American economies during the period in which Britain served as a 'metropolitan' unit providing capital, emigrants, skills, and a hungry factory system while the United States provided a 'frontier' for enterprise, cheap primary products and an avid demand for the products of British industry. When our gaze is directed, in ensuing chapters, from the economic to the political, social or intellectual we never recapture quite the same total sense of complementarity; there are always elements, and important ones, in each country which stand out against the transatlantic pull; and here Mr. Thistlethwaite plays admirably fair, with his clear-eyed delineation of just how far and in what precise directions the Anglo-American connexion went. He finds a key to the immense range of these connexions in the fact of their all being the work, in some sense, of 'outsiders'—of the non-establishment, if not of the anti-establishment, forces in Britain and of a society in America which either bred analogous minorities of rebels—abolitionists, suffragists of pacifists—or, more significantly, was itself through and through composed of 'outsiders' in relation to European

norms—republicans, natural righters, secularists and the like. This holds true until about the Civil War. Afterwards the 'outsiders' are no longer so outside; in Britain they have achieved much that the American model had suggested—parliamentary reform, free press, universal schooling, cheap bread; in the U.S.A. a new establishment, Northern, capitalist and industrial is emerging. Culturally it may still look to England; economically it is mature and largely self-contained; politically and ideologically it is, as never before, corrupt and contented. So the strands of the Atlantic connexion untwist and, in many instances, fray and snap. At the point where Mr. Thistlethwaite concludes his scrutiny, the world of Cobden and Jackson is giving way to the *demi-monde* of Disraeli and Grant.

Judgments on History and Historians
By Jacob Burckhardt.
Allen and Unwin. 18s.

It is to be hoped that the deservedly high reputation of Jacob Burckhardt will not suffer from the publication of this book which consists of fullish notes for the lectures he gave to undergraduates at Basle between 1865 and 1885. By arranging them in chronological sequence, the original editor produced something like a consecutive treatment of 'world history'. But it is markedly world history of an old-fashioned, nineteenth-century kind. Europe is the only continent that matters; there is nothing on India, China or Latin America, and virtually nothing on North America; ancient history is in effect the history of Greece and Rome. Moreover, despite the high claims made for Burckhardt's penetrating and philosophic approach in Professor Trevor-Roper's introduction, these lectures are far from remarkable. It is not Burckhardt's fault that on many occasions he is seriously deficient by modern standards—he could not anticipate a century's addition to knowledge—though one is hard put to it to understand why a book based on such necessarily inferior information should be brought out today. It is much more serious that the promised illumination turns out to be fitful indeed. The frequent lapses into plain silliness might perhaps be overlooked, for every lecturer worth his salt will seek to arrest his audience's attention by saying things which he would not wish to be regarded as considered judgments. Yet it is hard to stomach a singularly uncomprehending treatment of Islam, much dubious stuff on the Crusades or the Reformation, some nastyish touches of anti-semitism, or the narrow snobbery of occasional grumbles at contemporary conditions. The great man here looks much less like the prophet of justified gloom whom Mr. Trevor-Roper puts before us than like a hide-bound bourgeois professor.

Of course, there are quite a few good things embedded in the mass, and both coverage and depth improve markedly after 1700. One can well believe that these lectures were impressive in 1870 while remaining convinced that the book is of little value in 1959. In fact, it is nothing short of a crime to publish a man's lectures (and a much worse crime to publish his lecture notes)

after his death: such things are not meant for the permanency of print and invariably disappoint in it. Even if the editors of Burckhardt's *Gesammelte Werke* felt justified in including these products of occupational drudgery, this does not justify their appearance now in English. But if they had to appear, they ought to have been much better translated. The title itself demonstrates the translator's (Mr. Harry Zohn's) invariable tendency to infelicity. The German *Historische Fragmente* at least described the contents exactly; to suggest that this outline of history with occasional reflections represents a collection of 'judgments' is highly misleading. There is nothing that one could fairly call judgments on historians. That the book was in parts difficult to translate is true enough, but this does not excuse a version which never reads easily in English, is too often incomprehensible, displays occasional failure to understand the text, and perpetrates a number of outrageous howlers. Thus '*Rechtsstaat*' means a state under the rule of law, not a 'legal state'; '*die tödtliche Macht*' (fatal power) becomes very obscure as 'deathly force'; '*bare Zahlung*' here means 'at face value' not 'as cash payment'; '*Kohlensäure*' is carbon dioxide not 'carbonic acid'; and so forth. Since such little value as Burckhardt's old notes still possess tends to lie in the manner of his phrasing, the translator's deficiencies put paid to the book altogether.

The tragedy is that people may think to find the real Burckhardt here. Happily, some at least of the books which that strange genius published in his lifetime are available in good English.

G. R. ELTON

Dr. Burney's Musical Tours in Europe
Edited by Percy A. Scholes. Two vols.
Oxford. £5 5s.

No one who reads the first volume of Burney's 'Musical Tours', which deals with France and Italy, will want to dispute Percy Scholes's modestly expressed belief that he has presented it 'in the form which the author originally intended it to appear and in which he would wish it to be republished'. Dr. Scholes has divided the text into chapters, indicated the day-by-day sequence of the traveller's doings more clearly than Burney originally did, and shown by the use of unobtrusive brackets which part of the present text comes from the printed copy and which form the manuscript.

Burney undertook his 1770 Tour 'to collect materials for a General History of Music' but found himself collecting much else in the way of what he calls 'miscellaneous observations' of people, places, and things. Three friends—Lord Holderness, Garrick, and Mason—put pressure on him to omit the extra material on the grounds that as France and Italy had so often been described before he would do well to confine himself to the declared purpose of his Tour. The excellent Mr. Crisp, 'a very competent judge of music', dissented from this verdict, telling Burney that 'the miscellaneous observations had entertained him far more than the musical', but by that time the truncated manuscript was already in the press. A favourable

review of the 1772 *Musical Tour in Central Europe and the Netherlands*, which was full of miscellaneous observations, determined Burney to preserve the omitted matter in the 1770 volume for inclusion in his *Memoirs*, and it was because of this fortunate decision—though the *Memoirs* never appeared—that there have been preserved to us the delightful activities of his eager eye and enquiring mind in matters other than music: scenery, architecture, painting, antiquities, astronomy, horticulture, and an extended portrait gallery of miscellaneous persons.

Burney is pleasantly free from religious prejudice. He witnessed the *Corpus Christi* processions in Paris, and seeing that the people fell on their knees as the Host went by, 'readily complied with this ceremony to avoid giving offence, or being remarkable. Indeed, when I went out, I determined to do as other people did, in the streets, and church, otherwise I had no business there'. It is no wonder that he made friends everywhere with prelates, priests, monks, and nuns. He found little to please him in French music and its performance, allowing merit only to those composers in whose works Italian influence was perceptible; and on his way home, a confirmed Italophile, his comments become almost vitriolic: 'The sopranos are squalled by cats in the shape of women . . . the motets are detestable'. French music 'is notoriously hateful to all the people in Europe but themselves'.

Burney describes his first encounter with Italian music as being like 'light after darkness', though he is by no means uncritical about it when occasion demands. He considered the best organists in Italy to be the monks and friars who play 'not only in a masterly, but a brilliant and modern manner, without forgetting the genius of the instrument'; he admired the singing of the then enormously popular *castrati* while deploring the barbarous means by which they acquired their beautiful voices, and he found vocal music in its highest state of perfection in Venetian conservatories 'where only the natural voices of females are to be heard'. The church music Burney listened to was far removed from the austere liturgical ideals of the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X, but though orchestral accompaniment was very general, and so loud as frequently to drown the voices, he often heard the *canto fermo* (by which he means plain song) sung unaccompanied, or accompanied only by the organ. By the time he reached Naples he had had his fill of church music and ingenuously remarks, 'It was at Naples only that I expected to have my ears gratified with every musical luxury and refinement which Italy could afford. My visits to other places were in the way of business, for the performance of a task I had assigned myself; but I came hither animated by the hope of pleasure'.

The pages of these two volumes are studded with the names of celebrated composers, performers, artists, literary men, and scientists of whom Burney often paints vivid portraits, notably so in the case of Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach; but he is disappointing about Mozart, then fifteen years old, whom he met at Bologna with his father. 'The little man', he says, 'is grown considerably, but is still a little man'. He makes C. P. E. Bach come alive before us. 'He played (after dinner) till near eleven o'clock at night. During this time he grew so animated and possessed, that he not only played but looked like one inspired. His eyes were fixed, his underlip fell,

and drops of effervescence distilled from his countenance'.

These entrancing and handsome volumes are quotable on almost every page as one watches Dr. Burney facing with courage and determination all the horrors of eighteenth century travel. Devoured by gnats and bugs, sleeping in damp beds in dirty inns, consuming filthy food, carted perilously down Mt. Lenis in a wooden chair, sitting with water up to his knees in a leaking cabin on his way up the Danube to Vienna, disputing with rapacious servants and obstructive officials, too shy to ask his way in the streets but with native independence consigning Sir Horace Mann, the British envoy at Florence, to Jericho for discourtesy in not receiving him, but whatever his misfortunes never failing to note down the 'miscellaneous observations' of which we might so easily have been deprived.

In his preface to the first volume the late Dr. Scholes wrote: 'If there be a happier musical world in which Burney's present devoted admirer may at some moment in eternity make his acquaintance he is emboldened to feel that he will be able humbly to look him in the face and expect a tolerant reception'. One may be certain it would not only be tolerant, but cordial and affectionate.

ALEC ROBERTSON

Last Essays. By Thomas Mann.

Secker and Warburg. 21s.

This is not, as one might casually assume from the title, an English version of Mann's *Nachlese*. It is a richer book by far, since, in addition to the studies of Chekhov and Schiller, it contains his 'Fantasy on Goethe' and 'Nietzsche's philosophy in the light of recent history'. The Chekhov essay is translated by Tania and James Stern, the others by Richard and Clara Winston.

Thomas Mann once remarked that what is characteristic is always pleasing. Our pleasure in these essays is due to the fact that they are characteristic, that they tell us as much about Thomas Mann as about the writers he has chosen for consideration. His choice is itself characteristic, for these are writers whose careers illustrate, or can be made to illustrate, his own problem and perennial subject, the tension that arises from the apparent contradiction of life and art. With what pleasure he approaches Schiller, recognizing in him 'the kinship of experience, the brotherhood, the intimacy which exists among all creative artists'. The son of Lübeck merchants describes with quiet satisfaction Nietzsche's descent from a line of respected clergymen, this model youth who walked home from school in the rain at a dignified pace because the school rules called for decorous conduct in the streets. And the author of *Buddenbrooks* draws attention to 'the dim artistic seed' in Chekhov's father, whose inclination to dabble in music emerged in the son as an imperious call to art—and as tuberculosis.

These essays were written in the last years of a long life. They sum up, they confess, they emphasize the consistency of that life. It was a happy thought to include a translation of Mann's early Schiller story 'Schwere Stunde' (1905), written fifty years before the present study, for it shows clearly Mann's persistent preoccupation with the confusion of doubt and certainty that is the artist's nature 'The truth',

he says here in his essay on Chekhov, 'is by nature ironical'. If nature is as uncertain as it is in Thomas Mann, then the truth too is based on uncertainty and is necessarily ironical. The circus performer on the tight-rope has more need of discipline than the guardsman; for him it is not an imposed habit but, literally, a way of life. So Thomas Mann's admiration is for these great souls who have carried on in the face of doubt, who have served the conscience of literature, turning their back on morality in order to be moral. Nietzsche's error, as Mann sees it, was to treat life and morality as antagonists. 'The real dichotomy lies between ethics and aesthetics. Not morality, but beauty is allied to death, as many poets have said and sung'.

Mann's study of Chekhov is one of the noblest love-letters in literature. Here indeed was a brother in spirit, a writer who managed in some degree to balance the conflicting claims of ethics and aesthetics. Chekhov was both doctor and writer, a contributor to life as well as art. He was seized by art, but he knew his duty to life. Who, having once seen the play, can forget the closing moments of 'Uncle Vanya'? Where Sonya says, 'What can we do? We must live our lives . . . we shall patiently bear the trials that fate imposes on us, we shall work for others without rest . . .' Thomas Mann, at the end of his industrious life, is shaken by Chekhov's conscience-stricken question, 'Am I not fooling the reader, since I cannot answer the most important questions?' And he too realizes that he has no answer to the question, 'What am I to do?' The only answer is work, the dogged application that unites Nietzsche, Schiller, Chekhov, work as the basis of all culture. 'Art', says Mann, 'is the very essence of work in its highest abstract form, the paradigm of all work, it is work itself, and for its own sake'. This is the philosophy of the immovably-centred hero, an expression of man's saving reverence for himself. Here the essays reach their finely hopeful conclusion. And here too is the faith that is characteristic of Thomas Mann, great lover of humanity.

IDRIS PARRY

A Passage to England

By Nirad C. Chaudhuri.

Macmillan. 18s.

The widely praised *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* secured for its Bengali author an invitation from the B.B.C. to make his first visit to England at the age of fifty-seven. An idea like that can produce much more than the contracted scripts (which were well enough) and here it is. The personal happiness of Mr. Chaudhuri's encounter with what he had absorbed throughout his life through books and reproductions now wells up in observations both admiring and gently critical of the English character against the English scene, of the 'timeless' aspects of western culture and also, though with a timid reluctance, of the state of the nation. 'The adventures of a brown man in search of civilization' is one of his chapter-headings, and one is tempted to recognize the final embodiment of that eighteenth-century stock figure, the urbane oriental observer. But the culture that equips him for the role is in large part our own, poured into an Indian vessel and rendered back with a profusion that rebukes us—and in a manner that does not seem to have been provided for in the Toynbee system.

Mr. Chaudhuri is politely aware of this. The contrast that he persuades us to see between a profound contact through literature and 'the former offensiveness of the English in India' is something to ponder upon. And having categorized this offensiveness as he sees it he makes (as for English taciturnity, English inhibitions and the rest of it) every allowance and explanation he can discover: the climate of India, for one. 'Never in any circumstances seek to put asunder those whom God or Nature has joined together, for instance the Englishman and his weather.'

An addict of quotations, Mr. Chaudhuri is himself quotable. When one has done wondering whether Ruskin or Jane Austen or Saki had most to do with his style one succumbs to it as to a flow of original conversation in which a questionable statement becomes stimulating and even a cliché takes on elegance. He sees himself as a lone wolf, much criticized by his countrymen as an Anglophile and determined to warn us that 'there is no greater myth than the much-talked-about Indo-British friendship since 1947'. Yet he cannot but make friends for India among his readers, and much of the interest and charm of his book lies in its interpretative asides on his own country. The picture he gives of England is too limited by his tastes and movements to invite generalized argument. Someone should ask him to come again.

FRANCIS WATSON

Katherine Mansfield and Other Literary Studies. By J. Middleton Murry.
Constable. 20s.

Katherine Mansfield once said that Middleton Murry couldn't fry a sausage without thinking about God. That was in a moment of exasperation when his literary highmindedness and mysticism oppressed her, clogging her talent, filling her room with words. It might be more exact to say that he couldn't fry a sausage without being conscious of other, greater men than himself who couldn't do it without thinking about God. He was a natural disciple, a prophet of prophets. He was a mixture of uncritical enthusiast and deeply understanding exponent. He was, as T. S. Eliot says in his introduction to this book, one of those writers 'whose criticism is itself his creative act'.

These three posthumous studies, on George Gissing, Katherine Mansfield, and Henry Williamson show the habit of his thought. That Katherine Mansfield was a habit with him is well known; one that never became perfunctory. The sparkling zest of her mind kept him worrying most of her life, and for the rest of his after her death. His capacity for worship may have prevented him from giving her the shaking that her outrageous juvenile showing off when he first knew her deserved, but his sympathy and his affection made him see very early the point of her particular kind of sensibility: the interpretation of the deepest feelings of human beings through their lightest sensory perceptions—the way of looking at life that became the basis of her nervous philosophy. The essay in this book is recast from a lecture that he gave in America. It has the weighty seriousness that one would expect of such an exercise and tells us little that is new.

The other two essays exactly illustrate the difficulty of writing about writing. Murry

assumes that his readers know nothing about either Gissing or Williamson and he goes to generous trouble to describe their books in detail. But somehow this is not enough for those who do not know and too much for those who do.

With each of these authors Murry has something in common. With Gissing it is his low-born origin and his belief in the literary life for its own sake. Murry liked clever talk and clever thinking; but his cleverness turned outwards to embrace all that was newest and most highbrow in his time. Gissing's cleverness was turned inwards, to feed on his own superior learning. He had a donnish passion for things of the past and some people have mistaken this side of him for the real Gissing, submerged by unkind circumstances. Murry dwells extremely well on his Dickensian understanding of the basic low female, from prostitute or virago to suburban demi-snob perceiving his fear and his hatred of them. But he over-estimates, as almost everyone has done, the effect of that theft in youth for the sake of the prostitute he afterwards married as the first of his unrepresentable wives and under-estimates that of his own crippling dual nature.

MYFANWY PIPER

The Individual and the Universe

By A. C. B. Lovell. Oxford. 10s. 6d.

Radio Studies of the Universe

By R. D. Davies and H. P. Palmer.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

The science of radio astronomy is young, it had its beginnings less than thirty years ago, and only since the end of the war has it been developed to any great extent, but it has already provided the means of spectacular advances in our knowledge of the universe. Numbers of books dealing with it have appeared, and now we have two more; one by Professor Lovell, Professor of Radio Astronomy at the University of Manchester, and the other by two Lecturers in Physics also there. Manchester is now particularly celebrated for astronomy, and Jodrell Bank, the main experimental station, is equipped with the famous 250-foot radio telescope.

Lovell's book consists of the six Reith Lectures broadcast during the autumn of 1958, and as the author states clearly in his Foreword, no attempt has been made to re-cast them. The first lecture, 'Astronomy Breaks Free', is largely historical, and shows how the science cast off the shackles of ancient prejudice which was partly, though not wholly, religious. Next comes 'The Origin of the Solar System', after which we reach 'The New Astronomy', an excellent introduction to the radio methods now in use. In the fourth lecture, 'Astronomy and the State', present trends are analyzed; the author is clearly—and understandably—dissatisfied with the general situation, but his comments are timely, and it is to be hoped that they will be digested by the appropriate authorities. Finally there are two lectures on 'The Origin of the Universe', in which the influence of radio astronomy is most evident. One's general impression is of a masterly little book; easy to read, full of information, and written with the greatest authority.

The second book, by Davies and Palmer, sets out to give a comprehensive account of the present state of knowledge in radio astronomy. There is a section devoted to the instruments used, then various fields are systematically

treated—interesting radio sources; radio waves from the Milky Way; solar, planetary and meteor studies; and investigations into the Earth's upper atmosphere. The style is popular; concentration is naturally needed, but mathematics are relegated to the appendix, and the book is within the scope of the lay reader. Here, again, the general impression is one of excellence, but it is unfortunate that there are a few errors in the text. Most of these are presumably due to faulty proof-reading; for instance, on page 2 the aperture of Lord Rosse's telescope is wrongly given, on page 17 Tycho's supernova is dated as 1578 instead of 1572, and there are other minor mistakes of the same kind. On page 65 the Wildt model of Jupiter is given, and there is no mention of the alternative model by Ramsey; here and there the term 'nebulae' is used too loosely, to include both genuine nebulae and galaxies; and the description of Cepheid variable stars in Chapter 2 leaves room for improvement. On page 158 it is stated that with regard to Venus, 'Conditions on this planet must closely resemble those on Earth for its mean temperature is only slightly higher than that of the Earth and it is covered by a protective atmosphere'. This is misleading, since the atmospheric composition is entirely different from that of our own world, and surface conditions on Venus are certainly unlike anything in our experience.

But the book deserves a wide distribution. Its foreword is by Professor Lovell.

PATRICK MOORE

A Dictionary of Art and Artists

By Peter and Linda Murray.

Penguin Reference Books. 5s.

The latest dictionary to appear in the Penguin Reference Book series is Peter and Linda Murray's *A Dictionary of Art and Artists*. The small format of this 350-page book is convenient and the price cheap. Entries in it provide material until now to be found only in Bénézit's *Dictionnaire des Peintres*, etc., or the great *Künstlerlexikon* of Ulrich Thieme and F. Becker; and this new book is in English and has made use of some recently published fresh material. At last, for instance, the right date is given for Caravaggio's death and the correct account of how it happened. At last the achievement of such different artists as Lanfranco, Jan van der Heyden and Esaias van de Velde are set in their right contexts; while the entries on Carpaccio, Bol and Van der Helst are cut back to the shape they deserve. But perhaps the chief single value of the dictionary will be its explanation of so much of the elusive terminology of art history, from notes on craquelure and scumbling to cubism and *capriccio*. The merit of such entries (mannerism is particularly well defined) should make up for the fact that space given to them has no doubt meant the exclusion from the dictionary of separate notes on artists as interesting as Scarsellino, Roncalli, Sweerts, Maffei, and Ceruti; Winterhalter, Frith and Sir Francis Grant.

Unfortunately, however, certain errors are strangely perpetuated from the past. Guercino was not a pupil of Ludovico Carracci. And the idea that he 'overlaid his Carraccesque training with the strong chiaroscuro of Caravaggio' was exploded years ago.

ROGER CARY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Watchman, What of Tonight?

OCCUPYING, as it does, forty minutes of evening viewing-time every day from Monday to Friday 'Tonight' must be rated as currently one of the most important programmes on the air. What use do Cliff Michelmore and his editor, Donald Baverstock, make of all their facilities and elbow-room? 'Tonight' is frankly a magazine programme. None the worse for that. It aims at being topical; and, in the nature of things, succeeds in being ephemeral. But at a certain unambitious level (the level of intelligence and enterprise, shall we say, of the evening reading-matter devoured by the homeward millions in the tube) it makes out very well. It pleases everybody some of the time and (I presume) somebody all of the time, and one cannot ask more than that. If I personally remember with gratitude the shots of the Etruscan tomb-paintings (July 22) and the Catterick Roman baths (the day after), no doubt others will have been bored by these and preferred the interview with the Prime Minister of New Zealand (the day before) or last Wednesday's piece on furniture removers.

If I criticize, therefore, it is only partial and qualified criticism. All the same, it does seem to me that 'Tonight', in attempting to be controversial, manages only too often to be rather unpleasant. One understands the intention: too much treacle has been ladled about in the past—chumminess, cosiness, mass-produced optimism. They have been the bane of programmes such as this. But one can overdo things in either direction. Looking for the nasty side has become practically a nervous tic with 'Tonight' reporters. Interviewers positively bait their victims. Alan Whicker, for instance, was determined to get his Prime Minister to agree that last summer's butter dispute had practically led to a diplomatic rupture with New Zealand, and would not take no for an answer. When



Two scenes from *World of Make Believe*, on July 20, a film about sand castles built by children on the beaches at Rimini in Italy, made by a Hungarian painter, Mihaly Vasas



Mr. Adlai Stevenson being interviewed in 'Face to Face' on July 22

Those casual-careful off-the-cuff asides—in fact they almost always lack either relevance or style or accuracy or some two of them or even all three. To take the very mildest example: on Friday he commented, after an item from Oban, 'Well, back from the north of Scotland to the London studio'. One had better not be too bland if one has not done one's prep properly.

In general the week has been rather a blank one. On Monday there was Mihaly Vasas's marvellous little film about sand castles, 'World of Make Believe'. As one saw the children's creations on an Italian beach becoming real castles, cities, worlds, one was reminded that the camera is not after all necessarily a blunt instrument. Considering the miles of film, the months of vision-transmission, to which we are treated, it is both curious and bitter that one should need reminding. Yet it is so. This was almost the only programme of the present month that appealed directly to the imagination—possessed in fact that element that distinguishes the work of art from the work of entertainment.

For the rest we met Mr. Adlai Stevenson 'Face to Face' (Wednesday): John Freeman certainly does his prep most impressively. In Sunday's 'Canadian Panorama' there were beguiling sequences of the Arctic islands. 'Facts and Figures' (Wednesday) actually succeeded in making statistics amusing. 'Milk and Water' this time: did you know that for each man, woman, and child there is a million gallons of rainfall on these islands, and all we need do is collect two per cent. of it? 'Lost Without Trace' (Thursday) shows increasing signs of being a good idea mishandled. The whole thing is too amateurish, the details inaccurate, the arguments woolly, the conclusions slipshod. An excellent series of 'Look', all too short, ended on Friday with shots of great grinning bottlenosed dolphins, more intelligent than dogs.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Sardou on his Head

MESSENGER BOYS with fateful telegrams and heroes who fly distraught to their Bradshaws are rare visitors to drama nowadays. All the same, Sardoodledom is not forgotten. Although audiences with the smallest pretensions to sophistication are adept at spotting it, there is no lack of playwrights who carry on the old trade of packaging sentimental hokum into a tough shell.



A diver feeding dolphins in the Miami Seaquarium, Florida, which was the subject of a film shown in 'Look' on July 24

one of the furniture removers remarked that 'some [clients] are good, some are indifferent, some are a so-and-so nuisance', the next question came with stunning inevitability: 'Why are some a so-and-so nuisance?'. No questions about the nice ones.

Similarly when Polly Elwes a week or two ago was quizzing the Wimbledon ball-boys, she was told that some players are nice to fetch for, some not. Well, you can guess the next question. Or can you? It was, 'Who is the most unpopular player so far as you ball-boys are concerned, and why?' And an unfortunate international was actually named and discussed. It all leaves a thoroughly bad taste in the mouth, and one wishes they would stop it. (Honest controversy, where two political opponents are put in the ring to fight it out—such as the two debaters on the Nyasaland report on Friday—is of course quite another matter, and the more of that the merrier.)

One other thing. I am sorry to carp at the great public's white-headed boy, but bland Cliff Michelmore always seems to me so much less bland than glib.

Escapist realism of this type has not flourished on British television (possibly because of the medium's inconvenient powers as a lie detector). What you do find is a strange variant which might almost be said to turn Sardoodledom inside out. Instead of the soft centre and the realist coating, plays written to this prescription have a core of jagged, unpalatable truth embedded in an ostentatiously harmless setting. This latest application of the sugar-and-pill formula differs markedly from, say, Shaw's deliberate employment of Victorian melodrama for his own purposes; for it does not yield unified work. It is more akin to the paper-back book trade's celebrated trick of selling Zola and Tolstoy on the strength of silken thighs on the cover. Something worth while is being sold, it is true; but the fact remains that the public are being taken in.

Last week an extreme example of this kind of writing was Thomas Clarke's *Nothing Is for Ever*, a chillingly perceptive study of domestic hell presented as a breezy tussle between love and money. On the evidence of this and of his earlier television play, *A Game for Eskimos*, Mr. Clarke seems a writer with a stark vision of human behaviour and a nervous reluctance to translate it fully into action. Something gets in the way; whether this is a fear of estranging the mass audience or simply a failure of narrative invention, the result is exasperatingly inconclusive. Fully extended the characters in *Nothing Is for Ever* would not disgrace Strindberg; but as it is they remain stunted by the conventions of commodity drama.

Old-fashioned commodity drama at that. The scheme is to marry off Gerald (ten years out of the army and still without a job) to the graceless daughter of a wealthy colonel. Dutifully Mr. Clarke writes in a tea-party scene at which the colonel and Gerald's ex-colonial mother converse unctuously on the vanished glories of the Empire while Gerald stands gnawing his lip and thinking of the years ahead as husband of the gushing Lettice. The crudeness of this scene sadly betrays that Mr. Clarke takes little pleasure in writing boulevard comedy; but throughout the play he doggedly retires to it in such a way that characters, at the instant before illumination, fall victim to his loss of nerve and are dragged back and obscured by situations that are merely embarrassing.

In spite of its pretensions to mediocrity, the play retains an imaginative concentration remote from its descents into common sense. The essential conflict has nothing to do with the

marriage of convenience: it is conducted between Gerald, his mother, and a working-class girl who is living in the house as his mistress. Vacillating between the two women, ferocious rivals for possession of him, he is being eaten alive. The action pitilessly strips him bare of his last props of self-respect and leaves the trio locked together at the end in each other's hated and inescapable company. Richard West's production and the performances of Gladys Young, Brenda Bruce, and Paul Daneman were expertly gauged in their degrees of tension.

In Paul Power's *A Small Revolution*, a brief but interminable Latin-American drama, the hazards of standing Sardou on his head were much more plainly revealed. Power, the author assured us, corrupts; and so intrepidly did he set about transforming Acton's chiselled dictum into a long-winded platitude that the temptation to indulge in word-play on his name becomes almost irresistible.

Mr. Power's purpose was to compose a political parable in the form of a thriller, and this is a laudable aim; we get far too little political drama. However, that little is more than enough to expose the stunning naiveties of this play. Certainly one does not demand subtle characterization in a study of public behaviour during a crisis; what one does expect is strong, logical narrative. Mr. Power, who aims much higher, does not attain even that. His preoccupation with the message is such that he allows it to dominate each successive episode so that the effect is not of a developing action, but of the relentless illustration of a single point. In the first scene the tyrant General candidly lets us know what a beast he is: enter a deputation of suffering citizens who give him the chance to tell us a second time; and so on.

Production did nothing to tone down the wearisome stridency of the writing; rather the cast seemed to have been whipped up by Rudolph Cartier into barnstorming their way through it. I can remember no moment in a television performance so uncontrolled as Anton Diffring's brawl during the execution scene; and Maria Corvin played a sultry Cassandra with an extravagance of delivery and facial expression that would have looked excessive from the back of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Good variety programmes, particularly those relayed from theatres, are so rare that the arrival of Ken Dodd in a Saturday-night series is very welcome. In common with other Liverpool comedians Mr. Dodd plays with his audience like a master angler. He has the traditional equipment of the



A scene from *Nothing Is for Ever*, on July 21: (left to right) Hugh Moxey as Colonel Cramney; Paul Daneman as Gerald Carrehan; Gladys Young as Mrs. Carrehan; Brenda Bruce as Milly; and Frances Bennett as Lettice Cramney

music-hall comic—flawless timing, vocal flexibility, and an inspired understanding of head-gear. Without addressing the television audience directly he can give them the illusion of being in a warm and noisy crowd, laughing their heads off in a theatre.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hearts and Spades

IT IS RARE to hear a work which is aesthetically satisfying, technically interesting, and sociologically important. *My People and Your People* (Home, July 22) tried to state both sides of the debate on the colour bar in London. It not only put the commonly known views but went as far as to reveal prejudices among coloured people on the question of commingling. Mr. D. G. Bridson conceived the idea of weaving together a love story between a young West Indian girl and a young Scotsman with ballads and songs which either suited the story or were recast by Mr. Ewan MacColl to fit the needs of the plot. The dialogue was in the capable hands of Mr. Andrew Salkey who has a glorious gift for the succulent phrase and a remarkably good ear for the wit and pace of West Indian speech.

The benevolent voice of Mr. Edric Connor as Jed told us how Kathy (Miss Nadia Cattouse) came from Jamaica with her brother (Mr. Cy Grant) to find fortune in London. When Len gets sick he is kept awake by Ian (Mr. Ewan MacColl) who is having a high old time next door with some pseudo Liverpool-Scottish lyrics. Kathy goes to ask him to keep quiet and she falls in love with him. Her West Indian friends advise her not to see him but she cannot help herself and their affair reaches its poignant climax at the time of the Notting Hill riots.

Simply to tell the story which tries to bring about an understanding between West Indians and Londoners is to say nothing about the song sequences. The West Indian calypso style and the white London jazz and shanties were clearly differentiated at the start but they became symbolically moulded together at the end and created what must surely have been a new kind of popular music. (But Mr. Scott Goddard's opinion, printed below, is a little different from mine.)

If I have to have any reservations about this work I would question the choice of a Scotsman



(Left to right) Richard Shaw as the Lieutenant; Anton Diffring as the Colonel, and Endre Muller as the Corporal in the thriller, *A Small Revolution*, on July 26

in the leading male role. Mr. MacColl had in any case a curious Glaswegian accent which did not seem ever to have been near Jamaica Bridge. The choice of an Irishman in the leading role would have been socially more observant and would have provided an opportunity for the use of Irish singing which is more heard in Notting Hill than that of the Scots. The cast, the choirs, the bands, Miss Peggy Seeger, Mr. Bridson, and Mr. Salkey are to be heartily congratulated.

Mr. Louis MacNeice showed his old mastery in his dramatization of a Norwegian folk tale under the title of *East Of The Sun And West Of The Moon* (Third, July 25). The frightening thing about Norwegian folk tales is that they possess a child-like simplicity which suddenly reveals deeper, darker, and even horrible significances. The smallest incidents and meetings between the characters seem capable of as many interpretations as the incidents in a teenager's dreams. Helga (Miss Beth Boyd) is drawn into a deal with a white bear who is in fact, and of course, a Prince (Mr. Jeremy Spenser). Her family thrives until she betrays him. He is then condemned to marry a troll, and she employs the Winds to take her to the castle which imprisons him. She gains his hand by a trick and lives happily ever after. Mr. Tristram Cary devised some wonderful icicle and troll music, and Mr. Jeremy Spenser in his bear period and Mr. Laidman Browne as the North Wind were memorable.

Mr. Bernard Kops's *The Street Game* (Home, July 21) was a ballad play which seemed nearly autobiographical and which was about a young man drifting until he discovers that he can sell second-hand books from a barrow. The story was sticky with rather too much sentiment and was glued together with some music by Mr. Alexander Goehr who seemed to have heard of the late Kurt Weill. Mr. Kops showed signs in his last work of becoming more objective but he moved back on this occasion to the kind of fond reminiscence which comes rather too near the cliché view of human situations.

M. Robert Pinget's *Dead Letter* (Third, July 21), a novel in the school of Marguerite Duras, was well adapted by Miss Barbara Bray who also produced it. In line from Pirandello M. Pinget and his confrères are attempting to define the delusions of apparent reality. The conversation of M. Levert (Mr. Ernest Milton) is circular and repetitive, occupying itself with the fate of his son. One needs to hear this play again.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry and Other Flights

TWO POETRY PROGRAMMES, totalling fifty minutes, thirteen poets (including seven live ones), and about 11,756 poems (including three quarters of Lawrence's 'End of Another Home Holiday' and a famous passage from Wordsworth's 'Prelude')—these are impressive figures for a single evening (July 19). Impressive, too, was the quality of the poems selected by Anthony Thwaite in 'New Poetry': nowhere else today is one likely to unearth a comparable cache at one digging. Sceptics may partially check this assertion against two recent issues of *THE LISTENER*, where the poems by Donald Davie and W. H. Auden have already appeared.

Of the other poems, D. J. Enright's 'Undisciplined Day in a Bangkok Garden' was a macabre modern 'Home Thoughts from Abroad', with the 'gaudy melon-flower' replaced by the flame-tree and 'banana leaves [that] rasp out their bawdy comments Across the landlord's wall'; while by a coincidence the word 'rasp' was also strikingly used ('Habitual unease rasping my mind') in Richard Kell's

perceptive little moral tale, 'Something to Talk About'. These two were separated by John Fuller's highly original, mannered 'The Ballad of Lord Timbal', which made its effect partly by a daring disequilibrium between form and content. The least successful poem was the long final one, 'A Song about Major Eatherley' by John Wain; his most ambitious poem to date, it has some strong, epigrammatic lines, but is marred by crudenesses of irony and rhetoric, which were emphasized by the author-reader's somewhat scornful tone of delivery.

The other readers in this programme, and one of those in Frederick Bradnum's selection entitled 'Summer Landscape' score very high marks indeed; and if Hardy's 'Wessex Heights' was vilely read, the vileness was of a most original kind: slurred consonants, slovenly (or were they meant to be Wessex?) vowels, and a casually petulant delivery of 'and now I can let her go' that was memorable in its wrongness. All very different from the conventional faults of the 'poetic' poetry-reader, on the reduction of whose activities in recent years the B.B.C. deserves congratulation.

Woe betide the critic or other listener who relies solely on *Radio Times* during the Bayreuth Festival season. Imperfect Wagnerite that I am, and domestically preoccupied during 'Programme Parade', I was deflected only by the dullness of the latest 'Coast and Country' (a trite remark remains a trite remark for all the romantic associations and rich accents of Tintagel) to 'The Flying Dutchman' and the discovery of somebody's else's eleventh-hour discovery that there's some scenery to be shifted, with the consequent squeezing out of Omar Khayyam ('Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where') and squeezing in of Browning—if squeezing is the word for a leisurely performance of a leisurely poem like 'Saul'. Marius Goring, whose superbly controlled readings from 'Don Juan' have just led me to re-read that great poem, not surprisingly found the task of variegating some 400 anapaestic pentameters in rhymed couplets too severe even for his talents; this reader deserves a better poet than Browning in his oracular vein.

Dutchmen have no monopoly of flight, and a flying Frenchman has impinged more directly on the spoken word this week. It is fifty years since Blériot flew the Channel, and so became, one imagines, the first man to speak of 'the green cliffs of Dover'. This startling phrase was quoted by Mr. Charles Gibbs-Smith in a lively account (July 23) of the event, and of rival attempts to win Lord Northcliffe's £1,000 prize. The following evening Blériot's feat was the occasion for a discussion of air travel in 'The Travellers' series, with Mr. Gibbs-Smith as an ideal chairman—though Sir Alan Cobham, for one, needs no shot of gusto in the arm. The least aeronautically minded listener could share the grand and not-so-old men's nostalgia for the days of open cockpits, when skill in reading maps (and occasionally railway station signs) was a *sine qua non*, and forced landings the rule rather than the exception; the record on the London-Paris route being thirty-two such in two and a half days.

'Matters of Moment' also gave the impression of being up in the air this week, since all the speakers (representing banks, employers and unions) agreed that payment of wages by cheque could be introduced only on a voluntary basis, and would be worth introducing at any factory only if everybody volunteered—which they clearly wouldn't for many a long Friday. In Mr. Victor Feather's metaphor, there was no chance of anything emerging from such a well-fastened coffin—not the ghost of a chance, one might add.

Unfortunately a misprint destroyed the sense of a sentence in the fourth paragraph of my

article last week. It should have read: '... the Kaiser's progress from monumental gaffe to monumental gaffe', not '... the Kaiser's programmes ...'.

O. G. W. STALLYBRASS

MUSIC

Bayreuth and The 'Proms'

THE OPENING of the Bayreuth Festival last week took the air with a splendid performance of *Der fliegende Holländer* (July 23, Third) which satisfied all reasonable expectations. George London's Dutchman had the stature, even when invisible, of a heroic figure. Of Senta, Leonie Rysanek made a girl with a magnificent voice and a woman pursued by fates beyond her comprehension. There was superb orchestral playing under Wolfgang Sawallisch, beautifully modulated (such a performance of the too-well-known overture as one seldom hears, an experience as of something new and endowed with the eager freshness of youth) and a perfect instrument for accompanying the singers while urging them on to still greater achievement.

Perhaps the reason why *Der fliegende Holländer* remains a difficult proposition for even a dedicated Wagnerian is that the stage action has an inevitable stiffness in its joints, so that one has often to close one's eyes. Banish that and have only the music remaining and the effect, always granted the utmost refinement in performance, is surprising. Ernest Newman insisted that we listen to the work with ears attuned to music contemporary with it. He spoke of the 'young Wagner' in this connection and by implication made it clear that no hindsight, no judging of the music in terms of *Tristan und Isolde* or of *Parsifal* would get us anywhere in an endeavour to share Wagner's view of *Der fliegende Holländer*. What is needed for any rational assessment of the opera is a balanced performance by artists of high worth, a performance such as we heard last week. Then and only then does the work live again as a remarkable opera of its own period.

Listeners to sound radio were given in the Light Programme on July 25 a short excerpt of the opening night of the Promenade Concerts. We were forced to go without John Ireland's *London Overture*, and had to be content (no difficult matter, since all the performances were of a good quality) with a mere hour of music, an admirable length for a concert. There was Mozart's two-piano concerto in E flat to cherish in memory, the players being Miss Phyllis Sellick and Mr. Cyril Smith; and Britten's ebullient *Variations and Fugue on a theme of Purcell*, a work that remains one of the delights of concert going by reason of its extraordinary inventiveness. On this Saturday one realized that beyond the superficial ingenuity of the music there is an equally strong element of the poetic. Nevertheless Britten's ingenuity here is outstanding; the kind of music in which one is continually discovering new things to set the ear tingling with pleasure.

The inevitable climax of Mr. D. G. Bridson's ballad opera *My People and Your People* (July 22, Home) was Notting Hill, and over the whole work there hung the dark cloud of racial strife. A theme of such absolute tragedy was something only to be expressed in terms of great art. There it was that for me this ballad opera failed; the musical material of West Indian songs and folk songs from Britain was too slender to maintain the heavy, thunderous atmosphere surrounding this simple story of eager, too often misplaced enthusiasm. With Mr. Edric Connor's resonant narration to help focus attention on the development of the story, there was no difficulty in

making one's way from point to point as ballad succeeded ballad while Miss Nadia Cattouse as Kathy and Mr. Cy Grant as Len, the brother and sister from Jamaica who come to London, sang these nostalgic ditties in a way which, I am sure, must have charmed those capable of savouring the essential significance of this type of music. For my part, a little goes a long way and I am soon satisfied; which explains my

feeling of anticlimax when racial antagonism became an inescapable fact. Yet the experiment was well worth making and in the matter of performance it was most praiseworthy.

A trio of songs by Samuel Barber (July 21, Home) were small in extent but showed amply the quality of his mind and his exquisite craftsmanship. He is fundamentally a romantic but he keeps sentiment on the right side of sentiment-

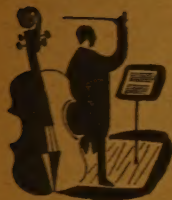
ality and shows a pertinent sense of humour that can reach as high as wit. Miss Patricia Neway sang these *Hermit Songs* heedfully, giving them much of their intrinsic character, a typically Barberish mingling of the lyrical with the dramatic. They were by far the best music in this programme which contained songs by three other American composers.

SCOTT GODDARD

Rubbra's Anglican Mass

By WILFRID MELLERS

The *Missa Cantuariensis* will be broadcast at 11.6 p.m. on Sunday, August 2 (Home Service)



THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY composer who attempts to write a liturgical work has to face difficulties which, if they are not peculiar to our time, are aggravated by the nature of the world we live in. We may assume that the composer writes such a work because he believes in, or at least approves of, the liturgy for which he creates music; and if he believes in his Church he will be in favour of tradition and continuity, rather than of change. Yet however sincere his personal conviction, he cannot escape the fact that the values his community lives by are not the same as those of his Church. Up to the seventeenth century a composer was inevitably a writer of liturgical music, since the composer was the servant of the Church. In essentials the beliefs of the Church were accepted alike by the most powerful intellects and by those more or less incapable of thought. Therefore there could be no clear distinction between music written for liturgical purposes and that written for other purposes: which is why the technique of the secular madrigal differed in degree rather than in kind from that of the religious motet.

Even in the eighteenth century there was still no fundamental distinction between the techniques of liturgical and of secular music. It is true that with the change in the centre of social gravity the secular style began to dominate the ecclesiastical, rather than the other way round. Yet people of the eighteenth century were convinced that if God made Man in His own image, they were justified in making Him in theirs. So Mozart wrote his church music in the style of Italianate opera because he thought that was the best way to compose music. He believed that if it pleased him and the liveliest among his contemporaries it would please God also, and he was probably right.

The Idea of Conflict

The gradual substitution, during the nineteenth century, of Wagnerian egoism for belief in something outside the self, whether it be called God or Reason or Truth or Nature, meant the abandonment of this communion between sacred and secular. The characteristic technique of the nineteenth century, the sonata, depended on the idea of conflict, and was thus antipathetic to liturgical, if not necessarily to religious, expression: for the liturgical composer is trying to express not the fight of opposites but a unity that makes such oppositions meaningless. Thus in the nineteenth century religious music either ceased to be liturgical or became a deliberate exercise in pastiche, based on the style of an age when the writing of liturgical music was still a natural activity. Of course there are exceptions to this (Bruckner, perhaps, is one); but as a general proposition the case may stand. Since the twentieth-century composer has musically,

socially, and philosophically a nineteenth-century heritage, the problem still exists, in some ways in a more acute form.

It is not, however, in every sense more acute; there has been a tendency for the techniques of twentieth-century music to manifest a reaction against the conflict theme of the nineteenth century—to experiment in styles which, like the monody of the Middle Ages, the fugal conception of the sixteenth century, the division and variation techniques of the seventeenth century, depend on the principle of unity rather than of diversity. This change of approach has, of course, philosophical implications too; its technical consequence has been that it has become more possible for composers to use liturgical styles of a traditional nature, without depriving their work of validity as the creation of a twentieth-century mind. The church music of Rubbra is an impressive instance of this.

Commissioned by Canterbury Cathedral

His *Missa Cantuariensis*, commissioned by Canterbury Cathedral to celebrate the end of the second world war, is a festival mass setting the English rite for double chorus. Although conceived on a large scale, it was intended for liturgical use; and is based on traditional techniques of the sixteenth century, especially as they were employed by the English school. In the *Kyrie* the appeal for God's mercy is set in fugato, but in plainsong-like declamation. The repeated notes and falling fifths suggest the intimacy of a speaking voice (it's you and I as well as Everyman): while the persistent false relations and enharmonic transitions give a suppressed agitation to the apparent calm. Even this modernism is also traditional: for false relations and chromatic alterations have much the same effect in Weelkes or Gibbons. Sixteenth-century false relation grew from the habit of thinking in modally monodic and in harmonic terms at the same time: and from that point of view was itself an equivocation between spirit and flesh. It is not surprising that in the twentieth century such ambiguity should be intensified, in proportion as a simple acceptance of faith is more difficult to achieve.

The responses are set to traditional modal phrases, with only the slightest licence in the chromatic movement of the inner parts. The *Credo* introduces solo voices in plainsong-like narration, accompanied, mainly in diatonic concords, by organ. This again is a traditional method of dealing with so many expository words; and traditionally makes a dramatic and structural point of Christ's burial and resurrection. At the resurrection the chorus comes in in a beautiful elliptical canon that indicates the deep relationship between Rubbra's vocal ecclesiastical style and the melodic idiom of his symphonies and chamber music. His liturgical

music does not exist in a world apart from more personal concerns: compare the stepwise oscillations around a nodal point on the word 'glory' with the similar figures throughout the Piano Trio, also to be broadcast next week.

The *Sanctus* returns to contrapuntal style—a seraphically tranquil canon 'four in one' on an almost pentatonic theme involving an oscillating minor third and a simple descending scale; the final cadence introduces a heart-rending flat seventh. The *Benedictus* begins in stepwise declamation but builds up a richly polyphonic texture for the *Hosanna*. The *Agnus*, again traditionally, is contrapuntal but less relaxed, harmonically more tense, partly because the theme itself begins with a 'pathetic' droop of a sixth.

The English Rite puts the *Gloria* at the end. Rubbra starts it as an elaborate double fugue *rectus et inversus*. As with the early seventeenth-century polyphonists, however, contrapuntal ingenuity here becomes a source of power and glory, of delight in the visible world rather than of a desire to sublimate the flesh. The triple rhythm suggests—as it conventionally does in sixteenth-century music—a dance, the pulse of human feet on the earth; and disciplined by Time (or metrical rhythm) the harmony grows harshly dissonant and, at the final apotheosis, richly resonant. This music is more than pastiche, but it is less recognizably Rubbra's than the slow passages. The opening of the *Sanctus*, especially, prepares the way for the subtle and moving fusion of liturgical convention with a personal mysticism that one finds in Rubbra's later church music, written for the Roman rite. Perhaps the twentieth-century composer's faith must inevitably be a private mystical act rather than a public affirmation.

Sheila's Washing Song

My love will have none of me.
She throws a ball about
Or scrubs her Sunday clothes,
Singing of some great lout
Asleep beneath a tree.

She wrings and pegs the clothes
And dances to the ball
At the edge of the wild water,
Her call like a bird's call,
Singing of a king's daughter.

O my girls are scattered in graves
And the river has run to the sea
Bearing a tinsel ball,
But look, she cries, where he
Is battling with the waves!

DAVID CAMPBELL

Bridge Forum

Conventional Doubles and Redoubles

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SMALL circle of expert tournament players there is a constant flow of new ideas on bidding. Many of them spread no further; some, and generally those that combine simplicity with effectiveness, spread further afield and embrace the club and family player alike. The Blackwood convention, in its simplest form, is one that did so very rapidly: the Stayman Two Club response over the opening bid of One No Trump is another which, more gradually, is passing into general use.

We should like to consider here a few conventional uses of the double and redouble, all of which have been referred to in the course of our broadcast series.

The responsive double is a double intended to give information when partner has already made an informative double.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 S	Double	2 S

East holds:

♠ 10 8 5 ♥ K 10 9 ♦ A J 8 6 ♣ Q 9 4

A powerful hand in response to an informative double and one which may prefer to play in any suit that partner holds strongly. The theory of the responsive double is that the hand on which one would want to make a penalty double after the above sequence is of much lower frequency

than the hand, as above, when one might prefer to give a picture of general values. That being so, the double is used to show general values, and ability to play in any suit for which the original doubler may have a strong preference. It is still open to the original doubler to pass if his distribution is poor and he judges there are sufficient high cards to defeat the contract.

The Kock-Werner redouble, which takes its name from the two Swedish players who originated it, attaches a conventional significance to a bid which, in its natural sense, would scarcely ever be employed.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1 S	2 C	Double

It is difficult to conceive the hand on which East would want to redouble in a natural sense. Even if he felt the contract would be made he would be most unlikely to be able to double North-South in any other bid to which they might retreat. The Koch-Werner convention, trading on this fact, employs the redouble as a rescue signal. It says: 'Partner, my hand is most unsuitable for a contract of Two Clubs doubled; I have, however, length in both unbid suits and we are likely to be better in which ever of them you prefer'. A suitable hand for the bid might be:

♠ 10 7 ♥ Q 9 8 6 3 ♦ K 10 8 6 4 ♣ 3

It is fair to add that this is by no means an every-day situation. But if it arises only six times in a year that is probably six times more than you might have used the bid in a more natural sense.

The informative double over an opening bid is common currency. The informative double over an opening bid followed by a response is somewhat less general in its application. This may best be taken as inviting partner to choose the better of the two unbid suits, and, thus used, often permits the defending side to enter the auction more safely and more effectively.

♠ 10 7 ♥ K J 9 8 5 ♦ 9 ♣ K Q 10 7 4

You deal and pass; left-hand opponent bids One Diamond, partner passes and right-hand opponent bids One Spade. The double is equivalent to saying 'Two Clubs or Two Hearts, partner', and how better to describe the hand?

The next article will discuss the mathematics of rubber bridge

Mr. John Coatman is the author of *Police*, No. 240 in the Home University Library (Oxford, 7s. 6d.).

* * *

Two of E. Nesbit's books for children have been reprinted by Ernest Benn with the original illustrations: *The Magic World* (short stories), and *The Wonderful Garden* (12s. 6d. each).

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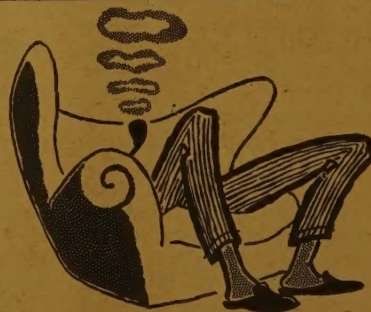
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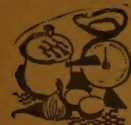
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Cooling Wine



THE LIGHT, dry Alsatian wines which are so refreshing to drink before meals as well as with food should be put into the refrigerator about forty minutes before use. The sweeter wines, such as Sauternes and Barsac, need a little longer. Champagne should be kept in the refrigerator for about an hour, and so should the *rosé* wines. Apéritif ports and sherrys can be served very lightly chilled, too. I prefer them like this, even in the winter. Do not keep bottles of wine in the refrigerator for long periods, because there is no pleasure in drinking something that is so cold you cannot taste it, and also because too much chilling causes some wines to lose their flavour. Never put ice into wine—except into wine-cups.

If you have no refrigerator, and are giving a party, you can order ice from your fishmonger and put it in a bucket—or even in the bath—some time before the guests arrive, and wedge the bottles into it. Do not try to take ice about in an ordinary vacuum flask: even if you do not break the glass lining of the flask dropping the ice in, it is likely that it will all stick together inside and you will break the lining as you try to prod it out. You can keep ice in ice bowls made with plastic fittings to protect the glass, or in those containers that fit inside the wide-necked type of vacuum jar. There are insulated bags which will keep bottles, that have already been chilled, cool for a picnic.

If you have no ice you can still cool your drinks. A cellar is ideal—though if you have carried your bottles home on a hot day they

will need a couple of hours to cool off. Another method is to put enough cold water into a basin or bucket to come just about half-way up the sides of the bottles. Stand them in this and over them put a wet cloth with its ends dipping into the water. Put the basin into the draughtiest place in the house, or in the draught of an electric fan, and leave it there a couple of hours. This will bring the temperature of the bottles down, providing the cloth is kept wet.

PAMELA VANDYKE PRICE

Grilled Chicken

If you want to grill a small chicken, I suggest you marinade, or soak, the joints first. For this put them in the grill pan and pour over a mixture of four tablespoons of olive oil to one tablespoon of lemon juice, plus seasoning. Turn the joints occasionally in this, and leave for an hour or two before grilling them slowly, for at least twenty minutes. Turn them and baste occasionally, and serve hot with the juices poured over.

LOUISE DAVIES

Mellow Red Currants

One of the mellowest recipes for cooking red currants I learned from a Scandinavian friend. She mixes them with raspberries and stews them with plenty of water and plenty of sugar, then thickens them with potato flour. If you cannot get real potato flour, substitute cornflour. Mix the flour to a paste with cold water before adding it to the stewed fruit and re-boiling for a

minute or so till it clears. Then pour the mixture into a bowl, cover, and let it get cold before serving with cream. The juice of the red currants and raspberries sets into a soft jelly.

LOUISE DAVIES

Notes on Contributors

TIBOR MENDE (page 159): has travelled widely in Asia and recently revisited India, China and Japan; author of *Conversations with Mr. Nehru* and *South-East Asia Between Two Worlds*

H. L. A. HART (page 162): Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford University

A. J. P. TAYLOR (page 167): Lecturer in International History, Oxford University, and Vice-President of Magdalen College; author of *The Habsburg Monarchy, 1815-1918*, *The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918*, *The Trouble Makers*, etc.

CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH (page 169): Keeper of Extension Services, Victoria and Albert Museum; author of *Aircraft Recognition Manual*, *A History of Flying*, *Balloons*, etc.

GEORGE STEINER (page 173): American literary critic; author of *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky*, an essay in the old criticism

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL (page 178): author of *Pie in the Sky*, *The Magic of My Youth*, *Occasion of Glory*, etc.

WILFRID MELLERS (page 189): composer and musicologist; author of *François Couperin*, *The Sonata Principle*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,522

The Aesir.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 6. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

After his disaster with Fenrir, Tyr kept a count of the dwarfs for fifteen years. To do this he had to invent an arithmetic. The numbers of his counts, given below, must first be changed from our arithmetic to his. Enter each of

the thirteen numbers, N to Z, twice over, in the top right-hand corners of the squares in each row, once from A to F and again from H to M. Enter in column G the number G1 from N to S, G2 from U to Z. Wherever sets of consecutive squares (horizontally, vertically or diagonally) bear the same number, names of males, females and animals associated with Asgard are to be inserted. One class of animals, the prototype of the Houyhnhnms, made nightly prowls; their paths contain the figures 1; all four start from boundary squares and end in squares marked X. In squares marked with O, a (slightly shortened) quotation runs consecutively.

In the clues, a square is denoted by two letters: e.g., GS is the square above the black square.

The Numbers: N.6275; O.6876; P.6718; Q.6480; R.6755; S.8776; T.12525; U.6250; V.6379; W.6270; X.6975; Y.6750; Z.5468; G1.3151; G2.12503.

CLUES

- HV, HS, CN, DN, JP, LP, BW, BX. Shall we get the squirrel for a start.—O.K.? We might; ... (8)
- MU, MX, AT, CY, GY, AY, AZ, DY, DZ. ... but this is the world tree on which it ran up and down (9)
- BU, AU, EV, GV, FZ, CZ, KZ. Oats end disastrously in farm buildings in the North (7)
- MN, JR, KS, BP, DR, FN, DW, FY, AQ, EX. It's dull not being in a satellite sphere over the States (10)
- DQ, IW, MV, BX, MR, HX, CX, JY. Recluse looked keenly at what the mischievous lad did (8)
- MX, FY, IT, LY, LR, AO, BO. Hardly the perfect girl one wants about one; she even made her father mad! (7)
- JU, LP, JN, GN, IW, JV, ET. The rumour about a high honour is disgusting (7)

- LN, FO, BP, KO, GQ, IQ, FT, BU, AR, HZ. Loves a fuss, getting proper shares of food for all (10)
- HN, FN, ER, JX, LV. There are enemies around—number unknown; crafty beasts! (5)
- DT, DS, KS, GP, BN, AU, LY. It's market day; we must have pigeon to eat (7)
- EV, FP, LV, JX, CS, CW, EW, LT. Officer killed by a woman on the railway in one blow (8)
- KR, FZ, DN, KU, IO, MR, DU, GU, ET, MS. Late landlord's rule—nobody keeps it now (10)
- BV, HP, CE, FU, EQ, LQ. One could turn to plunder in the olden days, if wanting a stimulus (6)
- DO, GR, AT, EN. It's the ostler at the Maypole Inn; shouting by the sound of it (4)
- GO, IZ, LX, KW, IY. We must be about to hit the centre of the target (5)

Solution of No. 1,520

A	E	A	S	R	W	E	L	A	M	B	S
L	E	G	G	E	A	Z	F	O	R	B	M
S	D	O	R	E	S	S	T	Y	R	A	B
E	O	D	F	S	T	Y	M	E	N	E	A
N	Y	X	O	W	L	O	X	P	A	S	C
T	S	E	N	C	I	L	T	O	S	S	L
D	T	C	H	N	S	O	N	I	A	N	N
S	P	E	L	G	D	O	P	A	G	R	A
P	S	U	E	S	G	S	O	R	E	Y	T
A	R	D	S	H	I	P	R	O	M	P	
T	I	T	I	C	E	C	L	E	S	A	E
C	O	N	A	S	T	A	E	A	S	E	L
E	D	G	E	R	E	L	D	Y	L	S	

NOTES

Across: 11. a-leg-ge. 12. biff(bib)-or-m(ove). 14. bra(c)e. 16. h-y(oung)-men-eal. 21. phlox(flocks). 22. a-sac, rev. 23. sten-(imbe)cil(es). 25. (g)loss. 28. geld (two mngs.). 30. pod-a-gra(vity). 34. g-ess-o. 35. rev. of ye-rt. 36. hards-hip. 38. moo-p. 40. rev. of it-it(=them). 41. Eccles(iastic). 43. T(intage)-case-l. 44. ledge-red. 46. rev. of sly-Di(do).
Down: 1. sk(y)-Lent. 2. seed-oys-ter. 6. anag. 7. fe-(Augus)t-e. 8. rev. of ran+ras. 9. rev. of E(gypt)-gas-sab-me. 10. A-skeleton minus (te)et(h). 13. fro(nds). 17. rev. of no-H-p. 18. anag. 20. ex-c(laret)-(l)emon-uding. 24. stopple-d. 26. au-spice. 27. four mngs. 29. (ch)e-gest-a(t)s. 31. anag. and lit. 32. ta-pet-l. 35. o-Ra. 37. the-E, and (three mngs.).
Quotation in the diagonals is from 'The Mikado'.

1st prize: W. F. Luckett (London, N.3); 2nd prize: M. C. Fenton (London, S.E.19); 3rd prize: W. Furbrick (Wallington)

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